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THE DEBATE IN THE LORDS.

THE Archbishop of York said long ago that the Lords would know very well what to do with the Suspensory Bill when it came before them. It was an arrogant and offensive expression, but events have shown that the opinion which it conveyed was quite right. The Lords have known what to do with the Suspensory Bill, for they have rejected it by a majority of very nearly two to one. They have also debated it for three nights, and have said, backwards and forwards, over and over again, everything that could be said about it. That their vote was perfectly justified seems to us quite clear, for they looked upon the Bill as intended to pronounce a decision against the Irish Church before it has been ascertained, as it soon will be by a general election, what is the view of the country on the subject; and under these circumstances they were free, according to every possible view of the Constitution, in declaring that they would not abandon their sincere opinion, which was strongly in favour of maintaining the Irish Church until the voice of the constituencies had made itself heard. The debate, too, was not only exhaustive, but brilliant. It is difficult to see how the case of the Irish Church could have been better argued than it was by the LORD CHANCELLOR, or what more could have been said against it than was said by the Duke of ARGYLL and Lord GRANVILLE. But although the whole debate afforded ample illustration of the peculiar excellences of the House of Lords as a deliberative assembly, it must be owned that it also disclosed its characteristic defects. To read the debate through was very much like reading a dozen thick clever pamphlets on the Irish Church straight on end. It was an improving task, but bewildering and fatiguing. Speaker after speaker went through a vast variety of topics, handling them in the style of a more or less partisan critic. There was an air of remoteness from practical government and from the thoughts of ordinary men which imparted a character of unreality to the whole discussion. The speakers knew that they were not the people who would settle the fate of the Irish Church; they were only men having an acknowledged right to lay their opinions and sentiments before the real arbiters of its destinies. Able and educated men, having a keen interest in political life, who are thus called on, not to settle great questions, but to guide those who settle them, naturally wish each to make his exposition as copious and exhaustive as possible. The less real power the Lords have, and the more ability there is in their House, the greater will be the tendency of their leading speakers on great occasions to turn debates into issues of spoken pamphlets. Something of the same sort happens at Paris. It is very seldom worth while for a man like M. THIERS to speak in the Chamber, but sometimes it is worth his while to speak. He does not for a moment hope to affect the policy or proceedings of the Government. But he hopes to form in some small degree the opinions of his countrymen, and he wishes to keep up the credit of himself and his party. Accordingly he composes and delivers a pamphlet exhaustive in its range, full of allusions to the history of every age, bristling with figures, enlivened with playful malice, and crowned with a graceful peroration. Every one the next day says that the speech was capital, but then every one immediately afterwards turns to the consideration of the absorbing question whether the EMPEROR looked more or less bilious than usual the last time he rode out. It is a very good thing that great public questions should be discussed occasionally as M. THIERS discusses them, and as the House of Lords discussed the Irish Church. Human nature would be a much smaller thing than it is if it were always absorbed in contemplating the biliousness of an Emperor or manœuvring a Bristol election. But the effect of these effusions of critical

oratory must not be overrated. They are addressed really not to those who hear, but to those who read them; and readers feel that, in the first place, ornate criticism on the part of those who do not really govern is tolerably easy work, and, in the next place, that there may be too much of it to be very effective.

The Lords naturally and properly discharge certain special functions in the discussion of a great subject, and no one can say that they did not discharge them well on this occasion. But although this is advantageous to them in some respects, it is disadvantageous to them in other respects. One of the chief of these functions, and one which they delight and take pride in discharging, is that of examining into the details of Bills sent up to them from the Commons, discussing how they would work, and scrutinizing the language in which they are drawn up. This function they discharged with great zest and success in dealing with the Suspensory Bill. The Bishop of LONDON, Lord SALISBURY, and the CHANCELLOR tore it to shreds. Those who wished it to pass found it impossible to say that it would work as it stood. But this will not produce much effect on the country, for every one knows that if it had been the best-drawn Bill ever seen, the Lords would have voted against it with equal certainty, and by an equal majority; and, in the next place, if the Conservative peers had wished to pass the Bill they would have easily found a way of remedying its defects. Then, again, the House of Lords is composed of men with ample leisure, and is far more tolerant than the Commons of illustrations and arguments drawn from remote and recondite sources of knowledge; for, being a critical rather than a governing assembly, it knows how wide and even far-fetched criticism must often be, and what unexpected light may sometimes be thrown on a point by obscure analogies and forgotten experience. Thus the Bishop of OXFORD took occasion to give the House certain information about St. PATRICK's grandfather; the Duke of MALLBOROUGH mentioned a thing "not generally known" about the Council of Constance; the Archbishop of ARMAGH brought before his hearers the sorrows of Bishop Mossom in 1670; and Lord RUSSELL offered a curious anecdote about a squabble between the heads of the houses of BEDFORD and DERBY in the reign of ELIZABETH. In the Lords, too, there are many elderly men who have passed an active life in politics from their boyhood, and whose memories supply them with very varied reminiscences of men and things years ago. Thus, for instance, Lord DERBY was able to tell the House what Lord PALMERSTON's views about the Irish Church were in 1828. All this undoubtedly lends interest to a debate in the Lords; but then criticism always provokes criticism, a reference to history suggests other references to history, and perhaps the ultimate result of this quaint historical gossip may be to suggest the doubt whether, after all, it makes any difference to us, in dealing with the Irish Church now, to know about St. PATRICK's grandfather and the Council of Constance and Bishop Mossom, or even to know what were the opinions of Lord PALMERSTON forty years ago. The Lords, too, have the advantage of expressing the opinions of special classes, so that we may learn from them very clearly what these classes think. They are all, with very few exceptions, large land-owners or Bishops, and so we can get first-hand from them, if we wish to know, what are the sentiments of the land-owners and clergy about the Irish Church. The opinions of Bishops about a Church question are, indeed, easy to guess; but still it is a great thing not to guess, but to know, what are the views of the English clergy about the Irish Church; and it is worth observing that the Bishops were extremely anxious not to stand alone, but to carry the laity with them, as almost every Bishop who spoke pointed out with eagerness that it was not the Church but the land

that was really attacked, and so it was the landowners that were principally interested in having the Church upheld. On the other hand, as the House of Lords only represents two classes of persons, and as these classes, though socially and politically very important, are yet numerically small, the completeness and exclusiveness with which they represent these classes must necessarily limit the effect which their opinions have on the country at large.

The great difficulties into which members of an assembly that criticizes and suggests and can for a time suspend political action, but that does not govern, are sometimes thrown, were strikingly illustrated by the speeches of Lord CARNARVON and Lord SHAFTESBURY. Lord CARNARVON made a powerful speech against the Bill, but decided to vote for it; and he did so on the peculiar ground that he saw that the Irish Church must be disestablished and more or less disendowed, and that he would rather have the amount of this disendowment settled by Mr. GLADSTONE than by Lord DERBY. Lord CARNARVON seems to have said to himself that Mr. GLADSTONE and the Whigs might very likely propose some measure of partial disendowment, and fail to carry it. Lord DERBY, or those whom he guides, would then come into office, and would naturally proceed at once to "dish the Whigs," which they could only do by carrying disendowment, like democratic Reform, still further than their adversaries proposed. The CHANCELLOR answered this by entreating his hearers to believe that this time the Ministry really were going to stick to their principles. This may be so, and Lord CARNARVON may be quite wrong; but whether he was wrong or right, the line he took showed the peculiarity of political action into which a peer may be led who debates the puzzling question what the Lords should do in order to exercise an indirect influence over Government when they cannot exercise a direct one. The object is to get the minimum of disendowment; the House of Commons is to determine the amount, but the House of Lords may hope to attain its object in some degree if it helps to place and keep in power a Ministry acting on principles antagonistic to what the vast majority of peers think right. It is curious to contemplate the consequences to which this policy, if consistently carried out, would lead, and to imagine the species of political life to which an honest Conservative peer would be condemned under it. As to Lord SHAFTESBURY, the state of mind to which the thought of the Suspensory Bill had brought him may be described as simply chaotic. His general views, as he described them, were that the Irish Church ought to be supported at all hazards; but the Suspensory Bill was a very small matter, and it would be much better to pass it than to provoke a collision between the two Houses. Some people, however, taking a "solemn, vital, and "religious" interest in the question, told him that this would never do, and so he resolved not to vote at all, and neither stand up for the Church nor aid in preventing a political catastrophe. It must be with an eye of longing admiration that Lord SHAFTESBURY regards a peer like Lord REEDSDALE, who never troubles himself about persons taking a solemn and vital interest in a subject which he can settle in five minutes, who is absolutely content with his private theory of sacrilege, and goes resolutely and cheerfully on in the plain honest path of his own homely nonsense.

THE PAPAL ALLOCUTION.

WHATEVER may be the faults of the Holy See, it is always consistent in its denunciations, and in its ostentatious blindness to accomplished facts. When the new hierarchy was introduced into this country, the POPE affected to confer a boon, not on a portion of the United Kingdom, but on "the most flourishing kingdom of England." It was not for him to take notice of newangled titles deduced from the Scotch and Irish Unions at a time when the heretical Government was not recognised at Rome. When his predecessors last heard of the British islands in the days of MARY the Good, England was a kingdom, Ireland was a lordship, and Scotland was a foreign country; and in renewing his communications PIUS IX. took up the story where it had left off. It is in a somewhat more hostile spirit that Italy is always described in ecclesiastical language as the Subalpine kingdom, and that Tuscans and Neapolitans are conventionally supposed to be Piedmontese. Absorbed in celestial contemplations, the POPE and the Cardinals have never heard that responsible or Parliamentary Government has been introduced into Austria. "We should never have imagined that after "the Convention agreed to nearly thirteen years ago between "us and the Emperor of AUSTRIA, to the great joy of all

"well-minded men, we should be obliged to lament over the "miseries and serious misfortunes which, by the machinations of evil-disposed men, now afflict and annoy in a deplorable manner the Catholic Church in the Empire of "Austria." More subliminary politicians failed in 1855 to imagine that absolute government would collapse; but the laity of both parties must have anticipated that, with the possible introduction of a constitutional system, the Concordat would fall to the ground. Such arrangements are adopted by absolute rulers partly because they harmonize with civil despotism, and in some degree on the calculation that they will subserve the spiritual interests of their promoters. Unfortunately, Parliaments in all parts of the world are comparatively indifferent to the religious prospects of princes; and the EMPEROR, under the guidance of a Protestant Minister, has been induced to prefer the welfare of his subjects and the security of his dynasty to the blessings which his conformity had at one time earned from Rome. It is not known whether he hesitated when the Austrian hierarchy audaciously demanded that he should refuse his assent to the Bills passed by the Council of the Empire. Since his decision was first taken he has wisely adhered to the only course which could have saved the country from a revolution. The POPE would have deviated from his invariable practice if he had made the smallest allowance for almost insuperable difficulties. If the maintenance of the authority of the Church requires the suppression of the Constitution, it is not at Rome that prudence or good faith would find a single advocate.

The first "odious law" which excites the pious indignation of the HOLY FATHER "establishes free liberty for all opinions, "liberty of the press, of every faith, and no matter what confession or doctrine; it grants to the members of every "confession the right of establishing public schools and "colleges, and members of every confession are to be admitted on the same footing with the sanction of the State." That these shocking principles are established in several Catholic countries, and that they are loudly proclaimed by Romanist prelates in England, Ireland, and America, is not a consideration which impedes the querulous eloquence of the Allocution. The lamentations over the apostasy of Austria are entirely consistent with the maxims of the Syllabus; and the Church of Rome has never allowed that the rights which it loudly claims where it is a voluntary society have any connexion with its duties as a dominant communion. Another profane law makes civil marriage valid, although it in no way interferes with the religious services or with the doctrines which the Roman Catholic clergy impose on their flocks. The POPE is perfectly at liberty to hold that the offspring of civil marriages are illegitimate; but in the meantime they will succeed to the property of their parents. The law of JOSEPH II., now restored, "admits and confirms "that form of marriage, absolutely condemnable, called civil "marriage, and the Government has suppressed all the authority and jurisdiction of the Church over matters relative "to marriage. It is also provided that any confession may institute private schools of its own, under the inspection of the "State, and the school-books, with the exception of those which "are used in religious instruction, shall be submitted to the "civil authorities." Under these circumstances "it becomes "necessary strongly to reprove and condemn these abominable "laws sanctioned by the Austrian Government"; and by virtue of his own inherent power the POPE declares that those decrees are null and void. Throughout the Allocution the Government is deliberately confounded with the Legislature; or rather, it is assumed that the EMPEROR is exclusively responsible for the measures of his Parliament. Dreamers who, with Count MONTALEMBERT, persuade themselves that the Roman Catholic Church is favourable to liberty have not the excuse of any hypocritical Liberalism on the part of the Holy See.

After the preamble follow the ordinary curses which give a sanction to all Papal legislation; and it may be presumed that the censures and spiritual punishments denounced by ecclesiastical laws and Oecumenical Councils will fall on the Emperor of AUSTRIA as the responsible author of the obnoxious laws. The Town Council of Vienna has very properly protested against the claim of the POPE to exercise a veto on Austrian legislation; but perhaps a simple body of citizens may have exaggerated the practical effect of the sacred document. It is difficult to distinguish between common forms and communications intended to be operative; and on the whole it is charitable to suppose that a great part of the Allocution has been merely extracted in the ordinary course of business from the proper pigeon-hole in the Vatican. If it

were possible to induce Pius IX. to reason as a statesman, he could scarcely deny that the measures passed by the Council of the Empire represented a universal reaction against the mischievous and troublesome Concordat. There are but few heretics or schismatics in the Austrian Empire; but after the enjoyment for nearly a century of tolerably liberal laws, the vexatious interference of the clergy was felt to be intolerable. The alienation from the Church, or from the Concordat, of a docile and orthodox population ought to have troubled the POPE's mind much more immediately than it affected the EMPEROR; but it has always been an ecclesiastical propensity to cling to the show of power even more obstinately than to the substance. If the practical abolition of the Concordat had created disaffection in any part of the Empire, it is intelligible that the POPE should wish to strengthen the hands of the malcontent party; but his only active adherents are the higher clergy, who incur a serious risk by their resistance to the popular will, and by their offensive affliction of passing over the Council and appealing directly to the EMPEROR. The nonsense which is periodically addressed to Consistories is not innocuous, for many of the POPE's adversaries take, or pretend to take, his bombastic menaces in earnest. The impending revolution which M. DE MONTALEMBERT foretells will, if it occurs, have been largely provoked by extravagant pretensions which were perhaps never meant to be enforced. One of the evils resulting from the insignificance of Protestantism in France, and from its non-existence in Italy, consists in the popular identification of religion with Ultramontane Popery. A Continental infidel is a Romanist turned inside out; and writers holding the opinions of VICTOR HUGO, of KENAN, or of COMTE, when they pay an occasional tribute to Christianity, almost always select for eulogy the worst abuses of asceticism, of monasticism, or of Papal despotism. The less instructed multitude of demagogues and dupes consider that they have refuted all religious doctrine when they have proved that the POPE and his prelates are the enemies of liberty, of education, and of popular government. If the late Allocution is to be understood in its literal sense, it is evident that the Austrian nation must choose between intolerable servitude and open rebellion against Rome. Statesmen indeed will be anxious to adjourn the controversy, or to leave it finally unsolved; but it is not easy to satisfy an irritated people that words are harmless. The POPE ought to remember that it is not expedient to offer a premium to schism by making the position of Roman Catholic rulers intolerable. The Queen of ENGLAND and the King of PRUSSIA are not troubled with allocutions, because it would be idle to appeal to the spiritual obedience of a potentate who has just been celebrating the memory of LUTHER. It might perhaps be politic to attempt the reclamation of the Emperor of AUSTRIA by terror, if he had absolute control over the legislation of the Empire; but unless he suppresses the Constitution, and repels by his sole authority the laws which were passed in the last Session, he is as incapable as the POPE himself of affording redress to the Church. The enemies of the Holy See exult in every proof of its incapacity or unwillingness to adapt itself to the conditions of the present day. Lord REDESDALE himself is scarcely more extravagant in his ecclesiastical doctrines than Pope Pius IX.

THE VOTE OF THANKS.

THE vote of thanks to Sir ROBERT NAPIER and his army was in one sense a formal proceeding, because every one in and out of Parliament is agreed that the thanks and gratitude of the nation were never better earned. But the speeches made on the occasion were much more novel and interesting than could have been expected. The Abyssinian Expedition is something so unique in its way that there is abundant room to import novelty into the description of it. No one but Mr. DISRAELI, perhaps, would have thought of the peculiar source of gratification which Englishmen must derive from knowing that the standard of St. GEORGE has been planted on the mountains of Ras-selas. It is one of those phrases which stamp themselves on the memory and please, partly because it is not quite obvious whether they are, or are not, nonsense. The whole of Mr. DISRAELI's speech was effective, vigorous, graceful, and worthy of the occasion, and it was a pleasure to read once more in its animated periods the now familiar story of the wonderful campaign. Lord MALMESBURY, for his part, performed the useful function of studying the calendar, and announced that, by a striking

piece of luck, the campaign lasted exactly a hundred days. In these hundred days Sir ROBERT NAPIER overcame a series of dangers and difficulties which Lord ELLENBOROUGH, who all along despaired of the success of the Expedition, thought were on the point of overwhelming him. Good fortune—very singularly good fortune—seconded the efforts of the General; but then he did everything to command success. He had calculated to a nicety the exact size of the force with which he could succeed. He had not a man too many or too few. He made a use of elephants which astonished even those most accustomed to see these animals employed in war; he pushed his troops on so that he had an efficient force to fight at Magdala, and yet the least force that could be called efficient. He managed the chiefs of the tribes through which he passed with such dexterity that he encountered no opposition from them, and yet with such prudence that he came under no engagements towards them. But of all that he did, that which it needed the greatest moral courage, the keenest judgment, and the firmest self-reliance to do, was his refusal to accept the release of the prisoners without the submission of THEODORE. He ran the most tremendous risk, for he would never have been forgiven if this refusal had cost the captives their lives, and he was very likely to be accused of rashness and obstinacy for continuing the war after its main object was attained. Fortunately for him, his army was just enough harassed on its retreat to show the terrible dangers to which it would have been exposed if he had left Magdala untaken, and safe in the possession of the robbers who held it. All the prestige he had gained by taking a fortress considered to be impregnable, and by driving THEODORE to his miserable end, only just sufficed to fill the savage tribes that beset his homeward route with enough of wholesome awe. From first to last there is not one single right thing he omitted to do, or one single wrong thing he did; and even now that we know he was successful, and has brought back his army safe, and has accomplished everything he was sent to do, we agree with Lord ELLENBOROUGH in thinking that the more we consider the nearness of ruin and disaster which pressed him every day at every point of his march, the more are we surprised that human ability, energy, and foresight should, although assisted by the best of good fortunes, have brought the enterprise to a happy issue.

The Duke of CAMBRIDGE informed the Lords that he had seen Sir ROBERT NAPIER on the day he spoke, and had been struck by one thing in the General he welcomed more than by anything else, and that was that he thought only of his army, and not at all of himself. We at home cannot imitate him, for we must first think of him and then of his army. But no army ever deserved better to be coupled with its General in the thanks of the nation. No words can express too highly the fortitude, the endurance, the discipline, and the enthusiasm, not only of one regiment, but of all; and not only of those whose names would be mentioned in the list of those recommended to notice, but of those whose good deeds must rest in obscurity. The march of the 45th Regiment will live in the annals of war as a feat of pluck and endurance rarely paralleled. As the details of the history of the Expedition become better known, it will be seen more and more what a terribly difficult country for an invading army Abyssinia is, and how vast and unending are the obstacles which nature has placed in its way. Nothing perhaps could give a livelier notion of these difficulties in a homely and intelligible way than the story told by Lord DERBY of a soldier who, when informed that he had at last reached the high ground and was walking over the table-land of Abyssinia, remarked that the table must have been turned upside down, and that the troops were marching over its legs. Then the troops were not only short of food, but were dreadfully short of water, and yet they never for a moment lost heart or the sense of delight in the Expedition, or their absolute confidence in their commander. Scarcely a soldier ever received punishment, and not a single breach of discipline was committed of which the natives had to complain. And yet this force, every part of which was so ready to wait and so ready to fight, so obedient to discipline and so certain of success even under every discouragement, was composed of the most diverse elements. Natives of Indian border and hill tribes marched by the side of the best English regiments, and were loudly cheered by their comrades when they distinguished themselves in the heat of the fight. It was impossible that a better feeling should have existed in a force wholly English than existed between regiments divided by race, creed, and every social tradition, but united by a common cause and the delights and perils of a common

enterprise. And it may be observed that Sir ROBERT NAPIER has been especially anxious that public gratitude or favour should not be concentrated on the fortunate few who were called on to go forward and take part in the capture of Magdala. Of his four subordinates thanked by name, three earned their honour, not for what they did in the field of battle, but for the zeal and ability they had shown in preparing the way for the troops, and protecting its lines of communication. Nor were the great efforts made by the officers of the Transport Corps forgotten. There was no transport service in the Indian army to begin with, at all adequate to the occasion, and it was only through the zeal and perseverance of individual officers, working each in his own sphere, that the expeditionary forces were placed on the shores of Abyssinia.

It was perfectly right that the leaders of the Opposition should include the Ministry in the objects of their praises and thanks, and Mr. GLADSTONE more especially performed this part of his task in a very handsome and courteous manner. Of Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE he made the special mention which the Indian Secretary has amply deserved, and Lord MALMESBURY very properly directed his attention to the exertions and zeal of Sir SEYMOUR FITZGERALD, of whom Lord MALMESBURY was good enough to add that he himself was not at all surprised to find Sir SEYMOUR FITZGERALD so active and industrious, as he had been a capital subordinate when Lord MALMESBURY held the seals of the Foreign Office. It also appeared, from the debate in the Lords, that Sir ROBERT NAPIER was in the first instance selected by the Duke of CAMBRIDGE; and this is most satisfactory, for it shows that although he cannot help living with a particular set of military men at home, yet the COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF knows what the resources of the army at large, in the way of generalship, really are, and that he is prepared, when called on, to choose really efficient generals. The special merit the Ministry claimed for themselves was that of having left Sir ROBERT NAPIER entirely free to do what he pleased, take what men he pleased, and spend as much money as he pleased. This is a merit which is not the less deserving of notice because, now that we know what the Government did, it seems obvious enough that they should have done it. The Duke of CAMBRIDGE naturally tried to enforce the lesson we have thus learnt, and said that, in all future military expeditions, the course taken with regard to the Abyssinian Expedition should be taken as the standard; and it is obvious that a General in the position of Sir ROBERT NAPIER gains quite as much by the non-interference of the highest military authorities with his plans as by the non-interference of the heads of civil departments. It was also with perfect justice that the Duke observed that, unless we organize in peace every branch of the military service up to a high standard of efficiency, we cannot make war quickly, decisively, and therefore cheaply. The Transport Service in India had not been properly organized, and this both made the Expedition more costly than it need have been, and also exposed it to risks which might have been avoided. Happy is the nation which, after having sent its troops into an unknown, savage, remote country like Abyssinia, cannot find anything to regret or reproach itself with, or any lesson it can deduce from what has happened except that it ought to be a little more careful and liberal in the organization, during peace, of its Transport Service.

THE HOUSE OF LORDS.

IT is scarcely probable that, in the midst of the great political changes which must result from the reform or revolution of last year, the House of Lords should long retain its actual position. One of its most daring and uncompromising members candidly admitted, in the late debate, that the power of the House was, like the Bill under discussion, suspensory rather than final; and it is evident that, if the limited function is not prudently exercised, the House of Commons will take steps to assert and confirm its own supremacy. In general, the leaders of the House of Lords have exhibited much tact in choosing occasions of resistance, and in recognising the necessity of concession; and one of the wisest traditions of the assembly enforces an exact submission to party discipline. It would have been impossible to convince the majority of peers in 1829 that Catholic Emancipation was just, or in 1846 that the repeal of the Corn-laws could no longer be delayed; but in both instances the Government of the day had to deal, not with a miscellaneous body of prejudiced noblemen, but with a single person accustomed to speak and act in their name.

The Duke of WELLINGTON, who never affected to yield to intellectual conversion, determined that the King's Government must be carried on, and the peers held that the Duke's opinion was paramount. "You cannot," he is reported to have said to hesitating followers, "object to Free-trade more than I do, and I am going to vote for it." A debating club or a body of French theorists would have denounced the argument as absurd, but a practical body of politicians with sounder judgment adopted it as conclusive. A chief of less commanding influence persuaded the House of Lords a year ago to pass, almost without discussion, a Bill of which its members strongly, if not unanimously, disapproved. Lord DERBY could perhaps scarcely have counted on the obedience of the party if he had demanded the surrender of the Irish Church immediately after the establishment of household suffrage; but in ordinary circumstances, if Mr. DISRAELI could have induced him to sacrifice his personal devotion to the Establishment, there can be little doubt that the House of Lords would, however unwillingly, have submitted to his decision. When Lord DERBY finally retires from political life, the power which he has exercised for many years will probably devolve on a successor whose strong convictions and combative tendencies will be corrected by statesmanlike instinct. If Lord SALISBURY becomes the acknowledged leader of the House of Lords, there will be comparatively little risk of untoward collisions with the House of Commons. Negotiation and compromise are never impracticable in dealing with an organized body which speaks by an authoritative mouthpiece. During the forty years which have elapsed since the death of Lord LIVERPOOL, the House of Lords has not on a single occasion disavowed either the Duke of WELLINGTON or Lord DERBY.

The constitution of the House of Lords, first originating in the relations of society, has with the lapse of time become more or less anomalous; but, with all its defects, the House of Lords is the best second Chamber in existence. In America, indeed, the conflicting claims of the States and of the Union provided an independent basis for the Senate; and, by a custom which is gradually disappearing, the members of the higher branch of Congress were, unlike the Representatives, selected with a reference to their personal qualifications. In the English colonies it has been found impracticable to confer any real power on a Council or Upper House. A property qualification of electors or of members may afford some guarantee for personal respectability; but the nominees of a limited constituency, if they oppose the delegates of universal suffrage, lose in popularity more than they gain in fitness for their duties. Continental Senates and Chambers of Peers have never succeeded in commanding the respect which attends the House of Lords. The peers represent for some purposes the whole of the educated community, and on disputed questions they share the opinions of the class which was till lately the most powerful in the country. As the late debate proved, there are always ten or twenty peers who are equal in ability to the leading members of the House of Commons, and the rest of the body is secured, by its abhorrence of mutiny, from any tendency to degenerate into a mob. It is a great advantage that there should be a certain number of eligible candidates for the great offices of State who are not compelled to provide themselves with seats in the House of Commons. A Secretary of State without a seat in Parliament would violate the spirit and practice of the Constitution; but a peer has as good a right to become a Cabinet Minister as any member of the House of Commons. The tendency to conceit which may be observed in all private peers is in some degree corrected by official employment. An able member of the privileged class becomes imperceptibly less supercilious as experience tempers the prejudices of station with political and official influences; and in time he perhaps returns as a missionary of expediency and public opinion among his less enlightened equals. The principal leader of the majority necessarily possesses considerable ability, although the official organ of the Cabinet may, as at present, be wholly incapable. It is only because Lord DERBY is in the background, and Lord CAIRNS on the woolsack, that Lord MALMESBURY is allowed to make blundering answers to the questions propounded by the Opposition. Mr. PITT governed the House of Lords through Lord GRENVILLE, and Sir ROBERT PELL relied on the loyal aid of the Duke of WELLINGTON. Mr. DISRAELI ought to know that it is impossible for a commoner to manage the peers without a competent viceroy of their own order.

The future chief of the House of Lords may perhaps find it expedient to meet the possibly impending attack upon its power by some judicious compromise. The House has lately had the good sense to abolish proxies, and some of its more active and

thoughtful members are exerting themselves to secure a reasonable attendance during the transaction of business. The erroneous votes which are sometimes given may always be ascribed to the mistaken judgment of the leader; but popular opinion is perhaps occasionally shocked when the great majority of the House of Lords is diametrically opposed to the majority both of the whole community and of intelligent politicians. It is unfortunate that Bishops, who are more immediately endangered than hereditary peers, invariably prefer professional and conventional considerations to their own dispassionate judgment; but except where Church affairs are concerned, the Bishops attend irregularly, and some of them on secular subjects are not incapable of appreciating expediency and justice. It would be a serious misfortune if the Bishops were excluded from the House of Lords, especially as the change would be partly founded on the vulgar superstition that the clergy ought to demoralize themselves by secession from all mundane duties. Two of the standing elements of the Conservative majority would perhaps excite equal jealousy if they were, like the Bishops, distinguished from their neighbours by a peculiar costume. The Scotch and Irish representative peers have not even the merit of representing the body to which they belong; for a seat in the House of Lords is conferred on an hereditary peer of Scotland or Ireland by the simple patronage or nomination of the Conservative leader for the time being. As a majority of either body always belongs to his party, Lord DERBY, or any peer who occupies his place, has the absolute patronage of every vacant seat; and consequently Scotch peers of Liberal leanings are altogether excluded from Parliament, and Liberal Irish peers who wish to engage in politics must find for themselves constituencies in England or Scotland. Nearly the same result would perhaps ensue if the elections were really independent, as it is improbable that a majority would choose a political opponent; but it is more ostensibly scandalous that a Minister or leader of the Opposition should have the patronage of several seats in the House of Lords. The simple remedy would consist in the immediate or gradual abolition of the peerages of both kingdoms. No Scotch peers can have been created since the Union; but, unfortunately, almost all the peerages descend to heirs general, and they are consequently slow in dying out. Many of the number, who have English peerages, would require no special compensation for the withdrawal of their right to elect representatives. Of the remainder, a certain number might be made peers of the United Kingdom, with a provision that the next in seniority should acquire a similar promotion whenever a vacancy is produced by extinction. The Irish peerage is regulated by the arbitrary rule that the Crown may create one new peerage for three which become extinct; but there is not the smallest reason for perpetuating an almost titular rank, and future creations ought to be at once prohibited. When the supply was cut off, the bulk of the Irish peerage would be diminished, and after a time the whole residue might be absorbed into the House of Lords. In the meantime the prospect of eventually attaining a more respectable dignity would be an ample equivalent for the abolition of the elective privilege.

A graver question is involved in the proposal of creating peers for life. The House of Lords was fully justified in defeating the attempt of Lord PALMERSTON and Lord CRANWORTH to effect a great constitutional change by an exercise of the prerogative at the will of the Minister of the day. Without antiquarian research it was known that for some hundreds of years there had been no peers for life; and if a change was required, Parliament was the proper judge of the expediency of the proposed innovation. A similar project introduced in a more proper manner would deserve serious attention; and Parliament would have the opportunity of considering whether life-peers should possess any definite qualification, and whether the dignity might not be attached to the place of some of the great officers of the law. It would not be difficult to take precautions against any attempt of a Government to pack the House with life-peers; and, if judicious selections were made, they would probably add to the weight and popularity of the peerage. It would be a secondary advantage that the two highest Courts of appeal might be united with much advantage when the principal members of the Judicial Committee were qualified to sit as law lords. There is no strong inherent necessity for reforming the House of Lords; but, in anticipation of the clamour which will shortly be raised, it is not altogether useless to prepare the way for moderate concessions.

THE IRISH CHURCH.

THE long debate in the Lords cannot fail to have done some good. It will at any rate have cleared the issue to be submitted to the constituencies in the autumn. Very many of the topics which were exhaustively treated by the peers may be now put aside. All that can be said on them has been said; and they need no longer confuse or embarrass our judgment. Lord SALISBURY, for example, said that he thought we had got to the end of the foreign-friend argument, and he is probably right. If the foreign-friend argument means the argument derived from the opinions of particular foreigners of distinction, then, after these distinguished foreigners have once induced us to look at the Irish Church, so far as it may be possible, from their point of view, we cannot learn much more from them. We are driven back to ask whether this point of view is the right one, and that is the question on which we have now to judge for ourselves. So far as the foreign-friend argument means the arguments which insensibly work into our minds from intercourse with foreigners and a knowledge of other countries, it is obvious that these arguments will exercise a great influence on our judgment, but will do so in a manner very difficult to trace. Similarly, we may hope to have got to the end of the discussion whether Mr. GLADSTONE'S move for disestablishing the Irish Church was a purely party move, or whether it was not justified by the conduct of the Government. Rightly or wrongly, the question of what England is to do with the Irish Church has been effectually raised, and it is to that great issue itself that we may confine our attention. Nor can it be of great moment to discuss much further whether the proposal to disestablish the Church is or is not a tribute and concession to Fenianism, and what the Bishop of Oxford calls a device to buy off assassins. We can no more be always going back to this than we could be always going back last year to the inquiry whether the Reform Bill was or was not due to Mr. BEALES'S riotous friends and Mr. WALPOLE'S tears. Nor can we think that much more is to be said as to the right of the State to deal with corporate property. If the nation thinks that the purpose for which the Irish Church exists is not a good one, or that, from causes beyond its control, it works mischief, then it is sure to deal with the Irish Church and its property as it thinks best; and this was the point to which the discussion in the Lords on this head was finally brought. No Conservative peer of note denied that if the design which the Irish Church exists to carry out is a bad one, or if its existence works mischief, the State must protect itself even at the cost of infringing the ordinary rights of property. The more, therefore, that the whole subject is now considered in the light which the debate in the Lords has thrown on it, the more clearly it will appear that this is the real question which the constituencies will be called on to solve. Is the purpose for which the Irish Church exists a good or bad one, and, so far as it carries out that purpose, is it at the present day a mischievous or a beneficial, or at least innocuous, institution?

In endeavouring to glean from the debate in the Lords what is the main purpose or design of the Irish Church, we shall find that much more is to be learnt from the speeches of the Bishops than from those of any other peers. They seem to have thought out the question more, and to have striven more earnestly to place a distinct answer before their minds. The Archbishop of York was especially explicit on this head. The original design of the Irish Church, he said, a design which so far as not interrupted it still fulfils, is to "mark the disapproval of the Crown, and of the rulers of the country, of the Roman Catholic religion." This was its object; not to be the Church of the nation, or the Church of the majority, or to be a missionary Church and convert Roman Catholics, but to be set up as a living witness of the State against Popery. This view, besides being historically true, has the great advantage of doing away with some of the chief objections generally urged against the Irish Church. If the Church is a protest against Popery, it is an equally strong protest, and perhaps even stronger, if only a small part of the nation belong to it. The fewer the members of the Anglican communion, and the more money given to it, the more earnestly and impressively does the State mark how much it loves it, and how strongly it protests through it against those of whose religion it disapproves. The CHANCELLOR argued that if it was unjust to endow and to establish the Church of the minority, it was equally wrong to endow and establish the Church of the majority, for some people in any case have their religious feelings wounded, and it cannot signify how many. This

argument seems to push the Conservative view rather too far, if we are to refer it to the case of a national Church, for it would thus be equally just to choose the Sandemanians or the Presbyterians as the Established Church of Scotland. But if the Church of Ireland is not a national Church, not a Church of the majority, not a missionary Church, but a Church symbolical of the abhorrence of the English for Popery, then it is immaterial whether its members are one-tenth or one-twentieth or one-hundredth of the population. And the Bishop of KILLALOE quite adopted the same view. He owned that the Irish Church was a mark of Protestant ascendancy; but then, as he boldly stated, Protestant ascendancy is a natural, good, and inevitable thing, for England is Protestant, and must let Ireland know and feel that she is Protestant. It is nothing to the point that the Scotch were allowed to establish their religion, for the religion they established was a Protestant religion. And the Bishop only carried his views to their legitimate conclusion when he said that the true way to meet Irish agitation is to announce our unalterable determination to maintain our Protestant institutions in Church and State. Protestantism is as true as ever, Popery is to be as much abhorred as ever, and we are just as much called upon and entitled as we ever were to mark our abhorrence of it by maintaining in its midst our symbolical Church.

The issue, then, for the constituencies, is simply this. Is it right and wise for England to go on maintaining the Church in order to symbolize our abhorrence of Catholicism in the midst of a Catholic population? It is quite possible to answer this in the negative, and yet to acknowledge that the purpose which the Irish Church served was once a useful one. While a struggle for life and death was going on all over the world between Catholicism and Protestantism, it might have been justifiable to erect this symbolical constitution. When Protestants were really a garrison holding with great difficulty a conquered country, it may have imparted life and energy to this garrison that its Church should be erected by the State into a standing and well-endowed instrument of protest against the evils of the religion of the conquered. The State, as several Bishops complained with great justice, used the Church for its own ends, and to minister to this symbolical purpose, and now seems inclined to reproach the Church for not having served a better master, and for not having ministered to better purposes. The Irish Church is what England has made it, and it is most highly creditable to the Irish Church of this century and to its Bishops, that, having to serve so exceptional a purpose as that assigned it by the State, it has yet so improved itself, and numbered so many good men in its fold. But we are always forced back to the main question, and that is whether it is now a good thing to go on expressing our abhorrence of Catholicism by maintaining the Irish Church? It may be said that this was once the design of the Irish Church, but is so no longer. But, then, what is its design? How can we expect the Irish to understand that its original design, so firmly marked and so faithfully carried out for nearly three centuries, and still spoken of as a most excellent design by its Bishops, is not its main design at present? Is it, then, a wise and just thing to keep up any longer this institution as symbolical of our antipathy to the religion of the mass of the Irish people? Clearly we cannot hope to conciliate the Irish so long as we do so, and Irish Bishops, like the Bishop of KILLALOE, see this clearly, and acknowledge it honestly, as brave and pious men ought to do. Conciliation is an utter mistake, the Bishop says; the way to govern Ireland is to let agitators know that England is Protestant, and intends to uphold Protestantism. These foolish people must be made to understand as gently as possible that we still abhor their religion, and having learnt this they will be quiet. There is nothing to reproach the Bishop with in this. It is a view of government which many good men sincerely hold, and which we are quite certain the Roman Catholic Church would put in force anywhere that it could get a chance of enforcing it. But there is a large body of Englishmen—and, as we shall believe until experience proves the contrary, the majority of electors—who cannot make up their minds to go on any longer with this kind of government, who think that it is politically a mistake in Ireland, and who shrink from parading their antipathy to the religion of their fellow-subjects. At any rate, the simple issue to be decided is now before us, and we can wait with patience until the autumn elections show which view is to prevail.

AMERICA.

THE Democratic Convention which meets to-day in New York will find it equally difficult to provide an eligible candidate for the Presidency and to agree on a code of political doctrines. The Republicans have had reason to congratulate themselves on the necessity which compelled them to prefer the personal popularity of General GRANT to the claims of their own zealous leaders. The reaction provoked by the excesses of the dominant party had exhibited itself in several State elections, when General GRANT's timely desertion of the PRESIDENT furnished an excuse for dispensing with more definite proof of his Republican opinions. Similar causes imposed moderation on the framers of the Chicago platform, and it is now certain that the whole party will support General GRANT and Mr. COLFAX. Feeling the importance of a respectable name, the Democrats seemed a few weeks ago inclined to adopt Chief Justice CHASE as their Presidential nominee; but so paradoxical an overture implied that the new ally of the party had sufficient weight to enable him to insist on his own terms of coalition. Mr. CHASE, who not long since scandalized some of his own Republican supporters by delivering a series of speeches in favour of negro suffrage, was not unwilling to punish the party which had overlooked his claims, by accepting the Democratic nomination; but, without disregard to his own character, he could not abandon the doctrine of universal suffrage; and having contracted some of the principal loans, as Secretary of the Treasury, on the distinct understanding that the principal was to be paid in specie, he could scarcely countenance any proposal which tended to repudiation. The ostensible ground of union was supplied by Mr. CHASE's consistent objection to the military government of the South, which is also denounced by the Democrats as a standing breach of the Constitution. It might not have been thought desirable to inquire too curiously whether a party which has never repudiated its adhesion to slavery really agreed with the opinions of a professed and zealous friend of the negro. It was enough that Mr. CHASE was anxious to be President, if he could attain the office without unworthy compromise; and that the Democratic managers required, beyond all other qualities in a candidate, that he should be likely to win. The judicial ability and impartiality of the CHIEF JUSTICE when he presided at the trial of the impeachment was generally, though unjustly, supposed by friends and enemies to indicate a leaning to the accused PRESIDENT. Probably judges in America frequently prefer the honest discharge of their duties to the advantage of the party to which they may belong; but in all public controversies it is assumed, for purposes of praise or of censure, that a good action must have had a bad, or at least a political, motive. The extreme Republicans naturally attacked Mr. CHASE for his intended apostasy, and some moderate journalists argued, with much show of reason, that a Presidential candidature was unbecoming in the CHIEF JUSTICE of the United States. Others, however, contended that it was for the advantage of the country that a popular President should be personally qualified for the office; and it was urged that the acceptance of Mr. CHASE as a nominee would amount to a retraction, by the Democratic party, of their most obnoxious doctrines. It now appears that the controversy was premature, as the project of selecting Mr. CHASE has already failed.

The Democrats are not to be blamed for refusing to surrender their principles for the chance of a nominal victory; but in entertaining even hypothetically the candidature of Mr. CHASE they have confessed their inherent weakness. It is not certain that the party as a whole is in a minority in the Northern States; but, except in its hostility to the Republicans and to the existing Congress, it has scarcely any bond of internal union. The more thoroughgoing sections of the party opposed the war from the beginning, and they hold that after its termination the States which had seceded ought at once to have been remitted to their former rights. Mr. VALLANDIGHAM, who was driven into exile in the time of Mr. LINCOLN, is the best-known leader of the genuine or Copperhead Democrats, who represent the old alliance of the party with the South. It is probable that extreme opinions will be kept in the background, and that the so-called War Democrats will rely on the patriotism which induced them during the struggle to prefer their country to their party. There will be no difficulty in agreeing on a denunciation of negro suffrage and of the reconstructive measures of Congress; and if the contest were likely to be affected by argument, it would be easy for the Democrats to prove that the late readmission of several Southern States has

been effected without regard to policy or to justice. In Alabama especially, a Constitution has been sanctioned although the conditions imposed by Congress itself had not been satisfied; and the Republican leaders openly avowed, as their reason for hastening legislation, the necessity of securing the Southern vote for the ensuing election. The Fenian articles of the platform will probably be more forcible and explicit than the corresponding paragraphs in the Chicago document; nor will any serious conflict arise until the time comes for discussing repudiation. The more extreme Republican leaders, who had eagerly adopted the fraudulent proposal of their opponents, have been disavowed by the Chicago Convention, and if the delegates of the Eastern States succeed in overruling their colleagues, the Democratic platform will be equally favourable to national good faith; but the calculation of Mr. BUTLER and Mr. STEVENS that the balance of power has been transferred to the West was perfectly sound. The majority of voters reside on one side of a degree of longitude which leaves all the native creditors of the Treasury on the other; and universal suffrage in a community of debtors is not likely to lead to payment in full. Several of the chief Western States have already passed resolutions in support of repudiation, in the form of payment in greenbacks; and Mr. PENDLETON, who is supposed to have some chance of a nomination, is the principal representative of the repudiating party. The selection of a candidate will depend on the same influences which will determine the resolutions; and the choice of a mere general officer will imply that the Convention has determined to evade the responsibility of a decision. Whatever may be the result, a section of the party will probably either join the Republicans or remain neutral. Within a few years the tariff may probably provide the Democrats with a legitimate grievance and an intelligible cause, but, for the moment, the abuses which Mr. BRIGHT describes with so much good-humoured indulgence are not seriously denounced even by the principal sufferers. It happens, through an odd combination, that the first demand for relief has proceeded from the head-quarters of Protection. The shipbuilders and ship-owners of Maine petitioned Congress for a drawback on the materials of their trade, and a considerable minority of the House supported their demand, but even the allegation that American ships were almost driven from the ocean failed to move the inexorable perversity of Congress.

It is perhaps desirable that the Republicans should carry the North by a decisive majority, so that the competency of the packed constituencies in the Southern States may not furnish a pretext for dangerous dissensions. If the Democrats were defeated by the votes of the reconstructed States, they might not unreasonably refuse to submit to a notorious falsification of the popular voice. It is well known that no Republican candidate could command even a respectable minority of white voters in any Southern State, and the negroes, who form only a third of the population, would not be numerous enough to turn the balance. It is only by disfranchising all the best citizens that Congress has been able to construct a conforming political community to represent each reconstructed State; and a great party, supported by the majority of genuine American citizens, would be entitled to insist on the unconstitutional character of the Acts of reconstruction. It is better for all parties that no such controversy should arise; and the doubts which may be entertained as to the statesmanlike qualities of the Republicans imply no enthusiastic confidence in Democratic wisdom and virtue. Having gone far in a doubtful course, Congress perhaps chooses the smaller evil in proceeding with the system of reconstruction. It is possible that almost any method of restoring the Union may be preferable to indefinite adjournment. The new Constitutions, so far as they confer supremacy on the negroes, carry with them the seeds of their own destruction, for, as soon as military government is withdrawn from the South, the white race will, by regular or irregular methods, reassert their inalienable predominance. The admission into Congress of ultra-Republican representatives of anti-Republican States is undoubtedly anomalous; but a fallacious phrase sometimes facilitates the acceptance of the substantial meaning which it affects to convey. It is still a disputed point whether the Jesuit missionaries were justified in enrolling Asiatic converts without requiring as a preliminary condition either the abandonment of practical heathenism or a rudimentary knowledge of the doctrines of Christianity; but it may be plausibly contended that Pagans are more likely to become Christians when they have learned to take pride in the name, than while they remain in a state of nominal as well as of real alienation. Reconstruction will be final, but

its limitations will depend on the opinions which may from time to time prevail at Washington. Congress had probably no constitutional right to impose, as a condition of reunion, perpetual maintenance of impartial suffrage; and it is at least certain that the same power which imposed the obligation may at any time dispense with performance. The Democrats have in the ensuing contest a better chance of adding to their numbers in Congress than of electing a President, for in local struggles it is unnecessary to adhere strictly to the party platform where a moderate deviation tends to secure a majority. In the Congressional districts it will be easy to talk of greenbacks to the friends of repudiation, while the same party in the Eastern States adheres sternly to payment in gold. Late and surprising experience seems to have shown that the House of Representatives is more powerful than the President, although the result would have been materially altered if the majority had been less than two-thirds. It is highly probable that before the end of the next Presidential term the Democrats may control Congress, nor will they be at a loss for Republican precedents to excuse any excessive use of power.

MR. GLADSTONE AND THE SESSION.

WE are now in the position of being able to form an estimate of the labours of the Session, or rather, as it is impossible to weigh the imponderable, to reckon the cost of Parliamentary idleness. Gold may be bought too dear, and though the benefits of uniting the Liberal party are incalculable, yet it may be permitted to us to look back with the melancholy reflections of the spendthrift, and consider what we have had to pay for six months' waste of time. The Session will close, as far as legislation goes, almost an entire blank. Mr. GLADSTONE has succeeded in dealing a death-blow to the Irish Establishment—a sort of stab in the dark, it must be admitted, but good enough to be fatal. And in two divisions he has gained majorities of sixty-five and sixty over the Ministry. What has not been done is neither more nor less than everything. The great Education question has not advanced a step. The Bankruptcy laws are what they were. The consolidation of the Statutes has stood still. The municipal government of London has not been dealt with. The discussion on Mr. COLERIDGE's proposed change in the constitution of the Universities is to be concluded in the Commons three weeks hence, and of course the Bill will never get out of the Lords. Even such smaller matters as the Married Women's Property Bill and the Foreign Cattle Market Bill are already declared to be abandoned. The Scotch and Irish Reform Bills have been hustled through the House with precipitation and disgust, because members could scarcely conceal from themselves, what was plain to everybody else, that, failing to respect themselves, they were respected nowhere. Everything has been huddled up to accelerate a dissolution, and after all it is doubtful whether even time has been gained by neglecting all business.

Now who or what is responsible for this waste of a Session? The Irish Church question, of course. We are not going here to discuss the Irish Church question. We should be repeating what we have plainly enough and often enough avowed—that the Establishment is theoretically indefensible, that it has failed in its *raison d'être*, whatever that reason may be, and that, sooner or later, it must cease to be. Is there then, it will be asked, anything culpable in Mr. GLADSTONE's saying so? If he said so at any time, such a declaration must occupy the whole work of a Session, and therefore, if the present Session is wasted, it is well wasted. The price is not too much to pay for getting at such a result. The answer to this is twofold. The way to arrive at disestablishment of the Irish Church is not the way which Mr. GLADSTONE has adopted; and next, we have not got at this result.

Last Session Mr. DISRAELI stole a march on Mr. GLADSTONE. Whether—as Mr. HOMERSHAM COX, under Mr. GLADSTONE's inspirations, argues—the Reform Bill after all was Mr. GLADSTONE's, and the matter is only an illustration of the old *Hoc ego versuculos*, is not very important when history has to record that somehow or other Mr. DISRAELI was, and somehow or other Mr. GLADSTONE was not, the author of the last English Revolution. This was, of course, a serious matter for Mr. GLADSTONE. Just as Lord DERBY and Mr. DISRAELI resolved that, whatever sacrifices they might be compelled to make, they would not let Mr. GLADSTONE snatch the meat of Reform out of their mouths, so in his turn Mr. GLADSTONE made up his mind that he would not be again

cut down in the race. Judging from appearances, the Irish Church was precisely the line on which the Tories, now that they had got in the reforming cue, might be expected to move. As M. DE MONTALEMBERT has observed, all Mr. DISRAELI's antecedents suggested that he would be likely to do something, perhaps much, in the way of justice to the majority of Irishmen. Mr. DISRAELI had never raised the "No Popery" cry in speech or writing. Since his last accession to office he had offered no opposition to the repeal of the Ecclesiastical Titles Act. He had already issued a Commission on the Irish Church. He had offered to establish an exclusively Catholic University with the same powers of conferring degrees as those enjoyed by all other Universities. Further, it was generally bruited about that the Ministry would in some way or other endeavour to fulfil Mr. PITT's plan of endowing the Roman Catholic clergy. We believe that the real reason for Mr. GLADSTONE's unexpected declaration against the Establishment was the fear that Mr. DISRAELI, disembarassed from his connexion with Lord DERBY, would be before him in some comprehensive measure for Justice to Ireland. Such a motive is quite inadequate to justify Mr. GLADSTONE's policy; and in using the term policy, we mean not the substance, but the manner, time, method, and circumstances of that policy. The method was that of surprise. So well was Mr. GLADSTONE's secret kept that his memorable declaration of the 3rd of April took the breath out of his friends as well as out of his enemies. M. MONTALEMBERT affects to parallel it with WILBERFORCE's declaration against the Slave Trade. There happens to be this difference; that in the one case there was every preparation for it, in the other none at all. In the matter of the Irish Church, not only had every Whig Government declined to deal with it during all their successive tenures of office, but every Whig notable had pronounced against disestablishment. Lord RUSSELL's pamphlet recommending a policy the very opposite of Mr. GLADSTONE's was hardly dry from the press. Sir GEORGE GREY had pronounced that the Establishment could not be subverted without a revolution. But, without further quotation of individual names and authorities, it is enough to say that it was a sudden flash of instantaneous conviction that revealed to Mr. GLADSTONE that the Irish Church must be disestablished. Never was conversion more sudden; it was only a curious coincidence that the truth was revealed to Mr. GLADSTONE at the precise moment when his great rival was kissing hands. A coincidence, nothing further; curious, just as it is curious that RISK ALLAH tumbled into the Bosphorus at the only and exact moment when he held 3,000*l.* in his fingers. It is quite true that for us to suppose that Mr. GLADSTONE was influenced by personal objects in his conduct of the Irish Church question is to detract something from that demigod aspect in which the Bishop of SALISBURY seems to regard it. Merely to suggest that JACOB could supplant ESAU is treason to the *Guardian* and *Daily Telegraph*. But, believing that Mr. GLADSTONE is merely human, or at least as yet only a callow angel, we see something very like ordinary and mundane jealousy and something very like fiction, not in his convictions about the Irish Establishment, but in the peculiar way in which, and the moment at which, he announced them.

But we may say more. Abstract resolutions are the proverbial opprobrium of statesmanship; and Mr. GLADSTONE's Resolutions and Suspensory Bill scarcely amounted in weight and intelligibility to the vague dignity of an abstract resolution. This is the first vice of Mr. GLADSTONE's policy. It may be urged that it was unavoidable in his position. Was it? As it was well known that something about the Irish Church must be proposed by the Government, Mr. GLADSTONE might have done one of two things. He might, as in the matter of Reform, have waited till the cards were dealt. His adversary must lead, and then Mr. GLADSTONE could have forced the Minister's hand. He could have taken the Ministerial plan, turned it inside out, manipulated it, and compelled the Tories once more to do justice, and to be liberal in spite of themselves. It has of late been a general rule of English Government that the best Reforms are squeezed out of a Conservative Ministry; and it is an axiom that, powerless to originate, an Opposition is generally most useful in correcting Government measures. Or if Mr. GLADSTONE was so sensitively anxious for the honour of performing the act of grace to Protestant Ascendancy, he might have announced the policy of disestablishment as a received Liberal truth. He might have made it a rallying cry; he might have gone to the hustings upon it, and might have openly said that he meant to do so. The Parliament was given over to death, and its days numbered. The

grievance which had lasted eight hundred years might wait for eight months longer. If the DISRAELI Ministry had not the confidence of the country, even if it were not convenient to move an immediate vote of want of confidence, still the very first night of the new Parliament of 1869 would seat Mr. GLADSTONE on the Treasury Bench, and he might introduce a Government measure, with all its *prestige* and dignity, of the first magnitude.

In either case, the present waste of a Session would have been avoided. It is a serious thing for the country and the interests of Government to be sacrificed to the mere exigencies of party warfare, and for purposes entirely fictitious and personal. As it is, what little has been done has been done badly, and what measures have been passed have been spoiled and mutilated, and all for the Irish Church question. "Question," in every sense, it is; for nobody, not even Mr. GLADSTONE, knows what the measure is to be; how it is to be carried out; whether it is to be a final or merely a specimen piece of legislation as regards the union of Church and State; what, if anything, it involves, or how it is to be worked. One result it certainly has had, besides that of wasting time. It has not advanced justice to Ireland an hour. As Mr. GLADSTONE has not yet told us how he proposes to appropriate the revenues of the Church, and as he was not ready with any definite scheme for disposing of the benefices by any legislation during the present year, or at the hands of the present Parliament, he might as well have left to the present Session some opportunities of doing something. This would have been the patriot's and the statesman's course. Instead of this, Mr. GLADSTONE has preferred the selfish delight of forcing his rival into his present retrograde and reactionary attitude. To the gratification of driving the Conservatives into a false position, and to the cynical pleasure of compelling Mr. DISRAELI to enunciate the platitudes on Church and State of which Mr. GLADSTONE was five-and-twenty years ago the author, Mr. GLADSTONE has managed to rob the country of a year, or rather to load the year with religious bickerings, and fierce intestine quarrels, to summon to the hustings the twin devils of fanaticism and bigotry, to lash slumbering Orangeism into a new career of pestilent agitation, and all to precipitate a measure of which, however good in itself, the announcement has been received with frigid and significant indifference by those to whom it was presented as a panacea.

FRANCE AND PEACE.

EVEN friends of the French Empire are compelled to admit that the condition of affairs in France is not promising. Without there are rumours of war, and within there is panic and dissatisfaction. The spirits of the Parisian public are agitated every other week by this or that imaginary speech of a French Marshal who is supposed to have said something about the Rhine, and are soothed again by the repeated assurances of the *Moniteur* that an age of peace and prosperity is now at last about to set in. The Budget of the present year has excited more than usual curiosity, because, as M. THIERS remarks, the Budget is the photograph of the Imperial policy. France is paying with both hands. Loans and concessions meant to galvanize into second life a paralysed national industry and a dejected trade, balance a military expenditure that is designed to protect France against what M. THIERS terms the intolerable usurpation of Germany. All nations pay heavily for the blessing of absolute government by genius. No form of autocracy is so fatal, for none is so expensive. Happy indeed is the country whose Sovereigns are mediocre! The French Emperor's paper kites will survive and flutter in the sky long after he himself has ceased to fly them, and French taxpayers may repeat the wail of the Roman poet, that they have bled in every single quarter of the globe. The question which France is almost fatigued into asking is not a flattering one to NAPOLEON III., or to the chance of his dynasty's duration. How long is this to go on? For fifteen years France has neither enjoyed peace nor war. It has had both at once—a peace broken by perpetual preparations for hostilities, and these preparations falling with double weight on the shoulders of a people heavily taxed to provide the industrial resources of an age of peace. Even active supporters of the Imperial administration like M. LOUVET long for a prompt and final return to more intelligible course. The real fault of the Imperial policy has been its ambition. An attempt has been made to precipitate all progress, to put France in a hand gallop at the head of Europe in arms, in industry, in commerce, and in art. To borrow the language

of one of his own admirers, NAPOLEON III. has been guilty of the fault of distrusting time. Hurried and exhausted, France is unable to keep pace with the splendid paper ideas of the Cabinet that rules her, and at last the tardy confession has been wrung reluctantly from the French public that Mexican, Italian, Oriental, German, and domestic questions, all simultaneously occurring, have robbed them of their breath.

The personal egotism and selfishness of the programme according to which France is to be heavily burdened, and posterity's resources constantly invoked, in order to give one great man the chance of connecting his and his dynasty's name with famous events, is evident. During the last fifteen years NAPOLEON III. has ridden France hard, and spurred her every moment. It is perfectly true that by these means he has succeeded in attracting the eyes of Europe to his reign, but he has discounted the resources of the future, and hampered his possible successors in order to provide for himself. A great nation is not, of course, easily crumpled up, to use Mr. CODDEN's expressive phrase. But financial mismanagement on the part of a Government, bad and ruinous projects, and Budgets of which Ministers, in the words of M. LOUVET, make a canvass to work their embroidery upon, are productive of present distress, and, what is worse, sow the seeds of coming anarchy. Perhaps, when the day arrives for NAPOLEON III. to give way to that "time" which he has distrusted so long, he will leave behind him subjects so thoroughly exhausted with the ambitious policy of King STORK, that they will be glad of a King LEO at any price. It is more probable that long maladministration, together with the feverish excitement which its engenders, will end by wearying the French of all monarchical government whatsoever, and that republican institutions will once more be tried. But if ever again the NAPOLEON family returns to claim the suffrages of the country, it will be better understood what is the price of so magnificent a luxury as a NAPOLEON. Like the elephant of the story, he brings to bankruptcy the people that buys him. A spirited policy, in France as elsewhere, means a spirited expenditure. To place the French on a pedestal in Europe requires prolonged financial effort. At the close of a disastrous war, in the hour of political mortification, or in a fit of military grandeur, they may be ready to pay the cost, and to be the one grand nation regardless of expense. But when years of grandeur begin to produce even that moderate percentage of disappointments which by the law of all human events must be the case, when bubble expeditions abroad and bubble concessions at home turn out to be more costly than productive, even Frenchmen begin to admit that theatrical politics have their drawback. The morning after the banquet is now perhaps beginning to dawn. The first few years of Imperialism were a relief from the tedious chicanery of government by Orléanist Ministers, and the stormy non-government of the Republic. Frenchmen were gratified to feel that the national flag had been raised out of what they were pleased to call the dust, even if the hands that raised it were not politically pure. It may be a matter of opinion whether the flag in question stands higher in 1868 than it did in 1852. Upon the whole, one is inclined to believe that it does. There have been failures in the career of NAPOLEON III., but he has had his diplomatic and his military successes. Still the sum paid for the successes has been tremendous. Nations cannot cock their beavers for ever without paying for the privilege. The grand airs of an international duellist cost money to the Cabinet and the people that assume them, not only by the panic they produce abroad, but by the suspense and anxiety they create at home. The one thing that cannot be done is to combine these airs of the duello with the sleek comforts of commercial prosperity. Any nation can beat its sword into a pruning-hook, but there is not one in a thousand that can keep sword and pruning-hook going at once. NAPOLEON III. has tried, and in the opinion of his subjects he has broken down; and matters have now reached a crisis at which in a very few months he will be compelled by domestic stress to decide either to give up peace or to give up war.

No Government ever lasted fifteen years without reflecting in a great degree the follies and the faults of its subjects. A country which is ready to admit the political merits of M. THIERS is not, after all, unworthy to be ruled by a representative man in the person of a NAPOLEON. A growing majority in France wishes—as a majority, in spite of what is thought, usually wishes—for tranquillity and rest; but a fiery minority appears to believe that it would enjoy its coffee in the morning, and its claret in the afternoon, less thoroughly if Germany was permitted to be great. Count

BISMARCK's ambition seems to disturb the naturally restless repose of M. THIERS, and if it does, it probably ruins the peace of mind of some thousand peppery *café* politicians in Paris and in the provinces. One cannot, therefore, feel certain as to the result of the conflict in the Imperial Cabinet between the genius of peace and the genius of war. To do him justice, the EMPEROR has usually displayed a moderation in politics above the average moderation of the *cafés*. That the peace of Europe under his régime has not been oftener broken, is due, we must fairly admit, to the temper of the man. But then hitherto the EMPEROR has not been driven into a corner. He has always been able, by borrowing and spending money, to please both his army and his subjects. Now for the first time it begins to be impossible for him to please both. A perilous leap must be made on one of the two sides, and a stop put to the double exhaustion of big armies and big works. The choice lies between new frontiers, and new railways and canals. As the great glory of the Empire, in its own and in its admirers' eyes, has hitherto been that it has aimed at and promised *both*, no one can wonder that the necessity for such a choice is unwelcome.

SOCIAL PATIENCE.

AT a time when the political pulse in England is beating much more rapidly than it has been wont to do for at least five-and-thirty years—if indeed the present rapidity has ever been surpassed in our marvellously equable history—it must be worth while to ask ourselves how far the men who lead or form or represent public opinion understand the conditions that regulate the possibilities of social pace. The inaccessibility of most Englishmen to ideas is the standing reproach against them. It is a commonplace among foreigners, and has been dinned into the ears of us at home until it has engendered in us a mood of the most stupid and unintelligent self-disparagement. At the same time, on many minds of superior quality it has not been without an effect of a more useful and more creditable kind. Everybody with any capacity for hope is full of it. Public spirit and thought for public interests have been immensely stimulated. The so-called settlement of Reform has been the unmistakable unsettling of a score of other exciting and important questions. We have on the carpet at this moment a mass of things which circles and sections of various degrees of influence hope and intend to have done as soon as may be, and yet which cannot be done well and efficiently under something like half a score of years, even on the most absurdly favourable supposition that we can imagine—even granting that the statesman for whom we are all sighing should be discovered sometime between now and next January, and that the legislators hereditary and elective should consent to take him at his own valuation; of neither of which conditions can one feel at all certain that it will be complied with.

It is a perfectly natural and generous impulse that, when a man has grasped an idea of whose regenerative power he is fully and unchangeably convinced, he should overflow with an ardent impatience to have it instantly accepted, realized, and forced into active and complete operation all over the surface of the habitable globe. And the same thing is just as true of a community, or of any section of one. We see the spectacle in history, only too often, of a nation suddenly awakening to new visions of what a human society ought to be, of its own tremendous shortcomings in face of this ideal, and of the general changes in policy, organization, and so forth which would be needed to bring the ideal and the real somewhat closer together; and then, after due interval of hope and aspiration, falling into a deep sleep almost as suddenly as it had awaked. In the case of nations one perhaps observes this to less effect than in the case of individuals. Everybody knows the man who has survived what are called the illusions of his youth—the man of some five-and-forty or fifty years who thinks that all projects of social improvement are the dreams of boys or philosophers, who is certain that the only way for all to advance is for each to take as much care as he can to get all the good things that he can, and who looks back upon his younger days of social hope and enthusiasm as the days of a fool who grew wiser as he grew older. Take him altogether, he is about the most pitiable person alive. Why is it that one so often reads of nations, and has the opportunity of beholding individual men, in this plight? The answer is that, in one case as in the other, the height of the original exaltation prevented them from taking into account the extreme slowness with which even the most energetic society can modify anything that pertains to its fundamental institutions. And this defect in turn arises from a shallow and utterly superficial notion of the amount and kind of influence which the organization of a society exerts upon even the most vigorous of the individuals who compose it. Besides this, let us add another consideration of decisive import. Young men and excited communities always suppose that the world is really governed by reason; that you have only to appeal to reason, and the acceptance of what you can ratify by this supreme authority is absolutely certain. Naked reason is the goddess of the best kind of young men. Yet the cruel Aphrodite herself is not a worse guide to them in the consideration and handling of practical affairs. Not one in a hundred

of these generous aspirers to set the world to rights ever dreams of weighing tradition and usage as forces a thousand times stronger with the large majority of men than his own more fair and superb idol. In the construction of Utopias one leaves tradition out. There is no reason in such work why you should not leave it out. But it is certain that, if the best Utopia which the wisest man could evolve out of his own inner consciousness were by some chance suddenly brought into actual existence, it would need repairs within fifty years; and if the statesman to whom the task of repairing it fell should refer simply for his guiding principles, to the Utopian document originally founding the State, without reference to the subsequently developed force of usage, he would assuredly be overthrown. It is astonishing how quickly a bulwark of tradition raises itself in communities, and how much tact, temper, sobriety, and patience are needed in any man who would fain make a breach in it, or persuade many of his neighbours to follow his example in vaulting over it.

Again, it is a common blunder in excited times, and among men of the most laudably excited temper, to believe that there is a direct way to every confessedly desirable end by positive institution, if only there were a man with constructive ability to devise such an institution as would be fit for the purpose in view, and provided, further, that you could persuade all the people with sinister interests, or with very thick heads, to stand aside while he should do what he was commissioned to do. It is one of the most difficult things in the world for a publicist to get a clear and satisfactory idea in his own mind, and for his own practical use, as to how much a positive institution can or cannot do. In the face of a dogmatical innovator, with specifics and panaceas, one is much disposed to say that it can do nothing. But then, in the face of a stolid obstructionist, one is tempted to maintain that a positive institution, wisely devised, can do everything. The truth is that the power of a positive institution, like the force of naked reason, depends almost altogether on the character of the persons to whom you present it, and on whom you expect it to operate. A rash man thinks he has only to give people a good institution, or an irrefragable and conclusive argument, and each is sure in time to take effect. Experience soon shows him how foolish is the expectation. The most superficial observation of the ordinary history of human action might teach one a wisdom beyond this. Send the most judicious, intrepid, and zealous of missionaries among savages, send them in successive relays for half a century, or a couple of generations. One would suppose that, at all events by the end of the second generation, the presentation by the missionaries of the advantages of their own system, and the arrangements which they might have devised and enforced to realize this system, would have civilized the whole community. But is this the case? On the contrary, all experience in such matters has shown that an indefinite quantity of time is needed before any impression whatever, worth calling an impression, is made under the most favourable circumstances and where the influence of the civilizing force is least disturbed. The periods of civilization are geologic in their vast duration. It takes a long age to form a permanent superposition of one social stratum upon another. The humanization of savages, and even the civilization of barbarians, are extreme cases. But they suffice all the more effectively on that account to overthrow the impracticable aspirations of those who would both pull down the old and build up the new Rome all in a day. The illustration holds good with respect to the smaller cases where the revolution is much less radical than the change from barbarism to social life. The step to the progressive state is a great deal more difficult to take than any one step in the progressive state, but the colossal obstacles in the first may serve to warn us of the kind of obstacles that encounter us in the second. Suppose two tasks—the elevation of the Hindoo to the level of the Frenchman in energy, movement, capacity for social ideas, and so forth; and the amelioration of the condition of the poor at the East-end of London. Nobody versed in meditation upon the laws of social progress will deny that the latter—if we take, as we are bound to do, all the circumstances into account—is fully as hard of accomplishment as the former. Yet while men admit that the transformation of the Hindoos into something approaching nearer to the Western type in the points where that type is strongest must be a work of many scores of years, yet they are quite ready to hope that a decisive transformation of the London destitute and violent classes may be effected within, say, twenty years. The reason why this is so monstrous an aspiration is that social changes are not the results of two or three forces, but of a hundred or a thousand. For example, people say, and so far justly, that a main cause of destitution and crime and the like is ignorance. Well, but what do you mean by ignorance? Not one, but an indefinite number of facts, or states of feeling and intelligence, each of which may call for a distinct change in ever so many sets of circumstances for its own modification. To believe in simple issues and single agencies is the amiable characteristic of generous and impulsive natures. They have not the great gift of being able to wait. They are like the old-fashioned doctors who tried to do everything, and allowed all the internal forces of the patient, which we call nature, to do nothing. The end of this mostly was that the patient died. It is a wiser policy, in social reform as in therapeutics, to wait with some patience for results which the agencies at our command are not able instantly to secure, and to be quite sure that we are doing our best with those agencies at points where we know that they secure these results. This does not preclude experiment, but it softens disappointment and stimulates effort.

It stimulates effort, we should perhaps say, in the wise and sincere, who are free from the vanity of specifics and panaceas. There are people who seem to think that if they can get a church built in a neglected district, or can secure some modification in the poor-law system, or in the licensing system, or in the treatment of criminals, then the safety and prosperity of the State are forthwith certain, immediate, and beyond overthrow. If they recognised how very small a mite their scheme would contribute even if it were accepted on the instant, their vanity—we know no better name—would be so wounded that they would give up the whole game straightway. But where there is a wider view of what a social movement means, we get all the bracing qualities that have been justly attributed to “working against pressure”—in this case the pressure of the consciousness of what long sustained endeavour is needful for adding a fraction of a cubit to the moral stature of a community.

THE BULL FOR THE GENERAL COUNCIL.

ALL doubt as to the Pope's intention of convoking a General Council at Rome next year is now at an end. A Pontifical Bull has been issued, summoning all ecclesiastics who have a right to be present to appear, either personally or by proxy, in the Basilica of the Vatican on December 8, 1869. Whether any events may occur in the interim to prevent the fulfilment of this design, and whether, if the Council assembles, Pius IX. who has just entered on the twenty-third year of his reign, will survive to preside over it, are questions which time alone can solve. Only three of his predecessors have lived to the commencement, and only one (Pius VI.) to the close, of that year of their pontificate. But according to the existing programme the twenty-first (Ecumenical Council, reckoning from Nice downwards, will meet in 1869, just three hundred and six years after the last session of the Council of Trent. There has been on an average rather more than one of these assemblies in a century since the commencement of the Christian era, but they have been very unequally distributed. Three centuries of the Church's life passed away before the meeting of the first, and three have elapsed since the close of the last. Between 325 and 870 no less than eight Ecumenical Synods were held, all of them in the East, and half at Constantinople; and the eighth is the last recognised as such by the Greek Church. These Councils were composed chiefly of Eastern Bishops. The Pope was not present at any of them, but his Legates attended, though they did not generally preside. All of them were concerned mainly with doctrinal controversies, though the last two did little more than reaffirm previous decisions. Then comes a break of two centuries and a half before the series of Latin Councils begins. Three were held in the Lateran Palace—which reckon as the ninth, tenth, and eleventh General Councils in the West—within thirty years of each other, in the first half of the twelfth century, and were entirely occupied with disciplinary questions, such as the dispute about Investitures. The same may be said of the next three, in the following century, and the Council of Vienne, held in 1311, to abolish the Order of Templars; except that the fourth Lateran (in 1215) defined Transubstantiation. Four Ecumenical Councils are crowded into the first half of the fifteenth century, but three of them are such as Ultramontane writers would be only too glad to obliterate all traces of. The sixteenth General Council, held at Pisa in 1409, deposed the two rival Popes, and elected Alexander V. in their place. Gerson, the famous Chancellor of Paris, defended this bold step in a work published under the startling title *De asseribilibus Popis*. Five years later came the great Council of Constance, which, after formally ruling the superiority of Councils to Popes, deposed the reigning Pontiff, John XXII., for his enormities, and appointed Martin V. in his place. Its decisions were confirmed a few years later by the Council of Basle. The doctrinal element again predominates at the Council of Florence, assembled in 1439, not in presence of any new heresy, but with a view to the reunion of the Greeks, whose representatives took part in it, and accepted the primacy of Rome, but with a saving clause fatal to Ultramontane pretensions, then beginning to be put forward, that the Papal jurisdiction is limited by the regulations of the canon law. Of the Council of Trent we need not speak at length here. It is a remarkable fact that a trustworthy history of its proceedings should still be a desideratum. Pallavicini and Sarpi describe it from opposite sides, but neither is sufficiently impartial, and the latter not always sufficiently well informed, to be a satisfactory guide. Till the rich treasures of the Vatican Library become available for the purpose, the true history of its proceedings cannot be written.

It is not easy to gather from the language of the Bull promulgated on St. Peter's Day what are the specific objects contemplated in the convocation of the proposed Council. Or rather, perhaps, it is difficult to say what is not included in the very sweeping terms of the programme. It would seem, however, that practical questions are uppermost in the minds of those who are responsible for the Bull. If we may trust the telegraphic summary the object proposed is “to assure the integrity of the faith, respect for religion and the ecclesiastical laws, the improvement of public morals, the establishment of peace and concord, and the removal of the ills afflicting civil and religious society.” A Council which should really effect any one of these multifarious objects might fairly be considered a great success. The

Bull further adverts, we are told, to the necessity for maintaining the temporal power, the sanctity of marriage, and the religious education of youth. These latter items are probably inserted with special reference to the recent legislation in Austria, which has already caused a rupture between the Austrian and Roman Courts. To attempt to comment on the various details of this formidable programme would be simply to write a treatise, or series of treatises, on all the leading problems of the day—intellectual, religious, social, and political. The Synod will have to sit a good while if it means to discuss them to any purpose. "The reformation of the Church in its Head and in its members" was the rallying cry of the fifteenth century Councils, though the result was hardly commensurate with their desire. The reformation of the Christian world in its governments and its peoples seems to be the task sketched out for the Council of 1869. The last three centuries have not been so much signalized by the rise of new heresies—the Reformation period pretty well exhausted the capabilities of the human intellect in that respect—as by the development of what may be called an anti-theological and anti-ecclesiastical temper of mind altogether. That men should come to hold the beliefs, or negations of belief, common probably to the great majority of those who assembled the other day at Worms to do honour to the memory of Martin Luther, would have been as inconceivable to the Reformers as to the Popes of the sixteenth century. Each party could understand, though they bitterly resented it, a fierce rejection of their own particular dogmas; but that a generation should grow up who cared not to discriminate between them they would have been utterly at a loss to imagine. For the doctrine, or the denial of the doctrine, of the Real Presence they were ready to burn, or be burnt, as the case might be; but inquisitors and their victims would have equally stood aghast at the bland indifference of a religionist who professed himself unable to see any important difference between one view of the question and the other. We are not going to discuss here how this state of feeling has come about. That it is very widely prevalent among educated men in the present day we take to be certain, whether it be attributed to culpable indifference or to superior enlightenment. "There's nothing new and there's nothing true, and it don't signify at all," is but a coarse description—it is hardly a parody—of the tone of thought habitual in a large, perhaps increasing, portion of modern society on a number of questions for which in former ages men were content to persecute and to die. Such a habit of mind, if it is compatible with "the integrity of the faith," is certainly not compatible with any very profound "respect" for it or for the ecclesiastical laws. This therefore, we presume, is one of the facts which the Fathers of the future Council will have to look in the face.

There is another fact referred to in a succeeding paragraph of the Bull on which a few words may be said here. "The establishment of peace and concord" is one point proposed for deliberation. As very little is ever said by the authorities, whatever may be suspected or known from other quarters, about discussions within the bosom of the Roman Catholic Church, this must be taken to refer to the restoration of peace and concord with those outside her pale. It has been maintained of late by some pious but eccentric Christians that the division of Christendom into a number of separate and hostile communions is positively beneficial to the highest interests of Christianity. But this view, which was never thought of till the fact became too patent to be ignored and required some explanation, is, to say the least, very difficult to reconcile with the language of the New Testament, and is directly opposed to all the traditions of Catholicism. It is a view which Pius IX. and his advisers can recognise only to repudiate. How, then, do they contemplate promoting, through the medium of the Council, that peace and concord which they must hold to be of such paramount importance? Will they make any overtures to the Greeks, as at the Council of Florence, or to the Church of England and the Continental Protestants, as at the Council of Trent, or to all or any of those bodies? There have been rumours afloat that representatives of all three are to be invited to the Council, but no hint of this appears to be contained in the Bull. Still, it may be intended to make some proposal of the kind in a more informal manner afterwards. And one cannot help speculating with some curiosity on what answer the summons would receive. If, indeed, the first condition required of all present was to be, as Archbishop Manning has intimated, an unqualified submission to the Papal supremacy, they would of course refuse with one consent. But to invite them on such terms would be to offer a senseless affront which the Roman Court has too much diplomatic tact to be likely to perpetrate. Supposing they are asked to go without any compromise of their position or principles, will they accept the invitation? and if they do, what will they say when they get there? Such a Patriarch as the late venerable Philaret of Moscow, whom Dean Stanley has so eloquently depicted, could hardly fail to make some impression even in a circle where patriarchs are less of a novelty than with us. Perhaps too the *mitis sapientia* of our own hardly less venerable Primate, and the mellifluous eloquence of one of the most energetic of his suffragans, would not be without its effect. Such speculations are no doubt premature at present, but the summoning of an Ecumenical Council after an interval of three centuries is so complete an innovation on established usage that one may be pardoned for indulging a little harmless curiosity on the occasion.

We have said that the first eight General Councils held in the East, and conducted chiefly by Eastern prelates, were occupied

in systematizing the doctrine—the next ten, down to that of Florence, assembled under Latin auspices, in organizing the discipline—of the Church. This is only what we should have expected from the distinct genius of the Greek and Latin races. The East was the natural hotbed of heresies, and therefore the cradle of dogmatic theology and of the creeds. The imperial instinct of ancient Rome reasserted itself under altered forms in the discipline of the Roman Church. But though the distinction, broadly speaking, is what we have stated, it cannot be pressed too closely into detail. There is an admixture of doctrinal and disciplinary matter in the decrees of all the Councils, Eastern and Western. Those who happen to be acquainted with the elegant volume, recently published by Mr. Parker, containing the canons of the first four Ecumenical Synods in Greek and English, may remember an amusing illustration of this. The Council of Nice met, as everybody knows, to define the divinity of our Lord against Arius, but on turning to the opening page of the little book just mentioned, the first decree of the first General Council that meets our eye is directed against the ordination of eunuchs. It is hardly probable that the forthcoming assemblage will enact any canons about the *castrati* of the Papal choir. But if it attempts to grapple with half the questions suggested in the Bull of Convocation, it will combine to the full the political action of the mediæval with the speculative energy of the early Councils. With the former it is called upon to promote "the improvement of public morals," and with the latter to guarantee "the integrity of the faith." The moral and spiritual condition of the Christian world is undoubtedly susceptible of improvement. If the first Council of the Vatican can succeed in making it better, it will have established a legitimate claim on the gratitude of mankind.

FREE RELIGION.

POOR worn-out, used-up old England owes, it seems, one more great discovery, one more chance of regeneration, to the generous and fertile mind of America. Religious unity, the chimera of philosophers, the scandal of statesmen, the day-dream of Christendom, is not yet, if we will but listen to our inspired Transatlantic teachers, hopelessly lost to us. What almost all bodies politic in the world have at some period of their history vainly tried to secure, by force or by persuasion, by the sword or the sermon, for their members, what we in modern England have for at least five centuries been fruitlessly seeking, until even the devout among us almost consider it past praying for, the genius of the fortunate Yankee will bestow on him without trouble and almost without expense. The great religious riddle has been guessed, and the answer, like the result of most great discoveries, turns out to be wonderfully simple after all. The secret whereby contending sects may be reconciled has been guessed. "Free Religion" is the panacea for dissent; and the name of the remedy is almost as attractive as its effects are salutary.

"Just a year ago," says the *New York Herald*, "a number of prominent religionists, belonging in (*sic*) various parts of the country, and representing the majority of sects and denominations in America, met at Boston for the purpose of organizing what has since been known as the 'Free Religious Association.'" The principal object of this Association is declared to be to "increase fellowship in the Spirit," and to this end all persons interested are invited to fellowship. There is apparently in America a considerable number of persons who are "interested in the Spirit," for when the Association celebrated its first anniversary on the 29th of May last, and, as the *Herald* says, "a Miscellaneous Gathering of Apostles of Both Sexes" took place at Boston, the gigantic, not to say universal, success of the movement was unequivocally demonstrated. "The spacious Tremont Temple was crowded in almost every part. Probably every sect and denomination was represented on the floor. Only a representative of the Catholic religion declined being present, for the stated reason that he did not sympathize with the movement." It seems almost a pity that the love of scrupulous truthfulness, so proverbial in American newspapers, should have induced the *Herald* to mention the miserable Catholic exception to the general acceptance of the great revelation of free religion. No doubt, however, the unhappy man is by this time heartily ashamed of his want of interest in the Spirit, and is longing to be admitted to the fellowship; and at any rate the candid English reader must feel that when male and female representatives of all Protestant denominations appear on a new platform, to harangue the inhabitants of that new Jerusalem, the city of Boston, to discuss the general religious aspects and needs of the age, and to proclaim, *arbi et orbi*, the dogma of the "Freedom of Religion," the spectacle is so imposing, the authority so overwhelming, that the absence of a Catholic or so from the gathering is but one of those trifling exceptions which prove the real universality of the movement. *Quod ubique*—did not the spectators belong in various parts of the country? *Quod ab omnibus*—were not male and female representatives of almost every denomination on the floor? Even the Catholic himself would be hard pressed to explain away his stubborn resistance to such a weight of authority.

The proceedings of the Association, which appear to have occupied the whole of one day, were distributed into three Sessions; and these Sessions, like the acts of a drama, were subdivided into a certain number of Scenes. It was arranged that, in the course of each scene, at least one distinguished male or

female apostle should come forward and discourse upon the stage, and that the intervals between the appearances of these personages should be agreeably marked by "the vocal efforts of the Hutchinsons." And here it is necessary to deplore one unfortunate gap in the otherwise circumstantial record of the *Herald*. It is nowhere stated who these Hutchinsons are, or what is the precise style of their art. This silence is doubtless due to the fact that, except in this benighted Eastern hemisphere, the Hutchinsons are as well known and appreciated as the "Spread Eagle" or any other great phenomenon; and that not to understand what the Hutchinsons are argues a more than Cimmerian darkness of obtuseness. It is lamentable, and happily not universal, even in England, for a journal to be compelled to make a confession of ignorance on any subject. But in this instance we see no escape from the humiliating necessity; and we may as well, therefore, confess at once that we can tell the reader scarcely anything of the Hutchinsons beyond the fact that they make "vocal efforts." We might, indeed, hazard a conjecture that they belong to that characteristic African school of musicians which, although in England it has not risen much above the level of banjo-playing on race-courses and at regattas, yet in America has found a congenial home, and seems likely by a sort of process of natural selection to exterminate all other styles of musical art. Only once does the reporter of the *Herald* give us any hint of the character of the music which these Hutchinsons perform. He tells us that at the close of the third session, after a speech had been made by Mr. Wendell Phillips, they "wound up the convention by singing the old woman's rights' campaign song of the Kansas prairies." Even here there is something obscure. The reader may feel some doubt whether it is the song, the rights, the campaign, or the woman that is here called *old*; and thus we are left in the dark whether the song contains a musical declaration of her peculiar rights made by a certain aged woman, or celebrates the remote antiquity of the origin of the rights of woman-kind, or describes an ancient campaign fought upon the Kansas prairies by the ancestors of the men of Boston and New York in maintenance of those rights, or is simply an old song sung by anybody about anything relating to women, rights, campaigns, and Kansas prairies in general. Endless commentaries might be written on the interpretation of this passage. But at any rate its general tenor seems to confirm our conjecture that these artists are to be assigned to that branch of the African school which is naturalized in America.

The first speaker was the Rev. O. B. Frothingham, of New York. He opened the proceedings with an explanation of the meaning of the term "Free Religion." In order to do this it was of course necessary to inquire what is the meaning of the word "freedom," and who are the "free" in religion; and as it is now generally admitted that the Americans are the only race upon the globe that is free, or knows what freedom means, it is important to notice how such a citizen as the Rev. O. B. Frothingham defines that rare and inestimable blessing. "Freedom," he said, "is not Jewish, Mahomedan, or Christian, but it leaves us free to follow the train of thought." As for "Religion," he did not by that word mean to imply Christianity. "For," he said, "Christianity is a sect, and is not included in the great religions. Jews, Mussulmans, the Rationalists, Spiritualists, great numbers of scientific men, are not Christians; but religion is as wide as humanity, and cannot be termed sectarian. Christianity is a complex term, but Religion is a perfectly simple term, and is understood all over the globe." To this grand and picturesque description he added, for the sake, doubtless, of any malignant and illogical objectors such as the unsympathetic Catholic representative, "this is not a vague statement, but it is an exceedingly definite statement. Any one who has taken a part in the formation of this Association knows perfectly well where he stands, and has a definite will and purpose marked out." The truth of Mr. Frothingham's remarks was forcibly illustrated by the next speaker, the Rev. James Freeman Clarke, of the Indiana Place Chapel, Boston. He said, "he could not help thinking in this meeting that the man who comes last will have the best chance, for he can pull down and demolish every idea that had been built up by those who preceded him. He came here most decidedly as a Christian—as an orthodox Unitarian, if there is any such thing. He believed that Christianity was just as broad as Religion; for all men are either Christians, or have the possibility of becoming Christians." The foundation of the day's proceedings being thus harmoniously and securely laid, the first scene closed with "a characteristic song by a couple of the Hutchinsons."

In the second scene there were two principal characters—a comic man, and a martyr. Some of the spiciest jokes of the comic gentleman, the Rev. Robert Collyer of Chicago, are of such a nature as, we regret to admit, our mawkish European squeamishness will not at present permit us to print. What an exquisite flavour they must have had for Transatlantic tastes rightly seasoned to receive them, may be gathered from one extract. "He must," he said, "demolish some of Mr. Clarke's structure, though he was a Christian, and meant to remain so to the end of the chapter. The fact that he was what he was did not in any sense prevent him from being glad to welcome this new child of God, who does not seem to know much of itself yet, but is being pretty thoroughly spanked by one and another. He hoped that when it had got through the measles and whooping-cough and other diseases incident to youth, it would bloom as the full embodiment of the spirit of true progress, and a blessing to humanity."

Close upon the heels of the comic man came the martyr. He was introduced as "a Baptist under a ban" for having joined the Association. Martyr-like, he made a public profession of his faith. "He believed in the sect to which he belonged, and in the absolute right of every human soul to interpret for himself the Holy Scripture." And in a transport of enthusiasm he exclaimed that "Liberty of conscience is dear to the heart, and should not, according to Roger Williams, be denied to any one!" What with the jokes of the comic man, and the thrilling cries of the Baptist under a ban, it is no wonder that the spacious Tremont Temple was well filled. The effect upon the audience must have been electric; and doubtless there were not wanting some who, after hearing the persecuted apostle, were almost ready to lay down their lives for the truth as it is in Roger Williams. When the excitement had somewhat subsided, the first session was brought to a close by "Mrs. Rev. Olympia Brown, of Woman's Rights renown," who informed the company that "her soul hankered after God," and reminded them of "the testimony of Napoleon in sustaining the divinity of Christ."

The afternoon session seems to have been less striking, though not less crowded than that of the morning. A Report was read by a certain Mr. Potter, and a letter from "the leading man in the Free Religious Movement in India." The principal speakers at the session were "Mrs. Caroline Dall, belonging in Boston"; Mr. Peebles of Michigan, a Spiritualist, who, referring to the fact that there does not exist anywhere a church erected by the Spiritualists, explained that "believers in that faith felt that their souls were more free in worshipping in open groves and public halls"; and Mr. Pink of New York, who said "he was neither a Christian, Atheist, Religionist, or Mussulman; but he appeared simply as a man—the highest creature ever produced by the Creator." We tremble for poor Mr. Pink. Doubtless under the term *man* he meant to include *woman*. But, in deference to the sensibilities of the female apostles and disciples present on the floor or platform, he should have employed the neutral word "persons." At any rate it would have been safer to do so. We fear that the stalwart soul of the Rev. Mrs. Olympia Brown may have hankered to horsewhip him.

An adjournment was then had until the evening, when there came a crowd as large as any during the day; and well were the faithful repaid for their attendance. The session contained only two scenes, but they were evidently of surpassing interest. Mr. Frank B. Sanborn, of Concord, Massachusetts, commenced by reading an "Essay or Report on the Religious Duty of Philanthropy and Social Reform." It would be hopeless, even if space permitted, to attempt to give the reader a summary view of the learning, the breadth, and the research of this wonderful essay. To the weighty theological authority of Roger Williams and Napoleon, adduced by previous speakers, he added that of "a Phillips, an Emerson, a Frothingham, a Higginson"; and, finally, he quoted one of our countrymen in support of his doctrines, in the following memorable words:—"Mr. Gladstone, in a late speech, laments that the dwellings in the West-end of London are in danger of one of the greatest misfortunes that can befall a man—that of living in habitual blindness and ignorance of the necessities of his fellow-creatures." We have been unable to discover from which of Mr. Gladstone's late orations these words are quoted, but we recognise the scholarly Grecism whereby "dwellings" is used for the more trite and commonplace "dwellers," and the elegant imitation of the classical objective genitive in the phrase "blindness of his fellow-creature's necessities." It is unfortunate that we have space for only one extract from this "talented" essay. It will give the reader such a taste for the style as will make him regret not having read the whole. To avoid frequent repetition of the symbol *sic*, it may be mentioned that the following extract is copied, with verbal and literal exactness, from this *Herald*:—

I conceive this to be the best test of true religion—that it shall manifest itself without drawing attention to its spinal form, just as those persons are said to be well-shaped whose attire causes no spinal remark. The provincialities of religious belief are passing away like the other provincialities of our people. It is even possible to anticipate a time when our Churchmen will not be contentious, when they will be what a Parisian editor says the French people have always been—*Christian, agricultural, and warlike*. Every age encounters its own evils in its own ghosts. *Quisque suos patimur manas*. The unaid spirit of some past age always torments us. Even if fanatics read the New York *Nation*—perhaps some are compelled to for their sins—they need not take any hints from its pages about a new field for fanaticism. While New York exists God will not suffer the race of fanatics to die out; for nothing short of fanaticism can enable a man to live honestly in that city. Yet New York is only the focus of our concentrated civilization, and what is needed there is partially needed everywhere else. &c. &c.

The last scene of all that ends this strange eventful session is the appearance of the great Wendell Phillips on the stage, amid "thunders of applause." He said that "the question treated in Mr. Sanborn's paper was a new one to him, and he hardly knew what to say about it." Nevertheless, with the ready facility of a veteran American stump-orator, he made a long and animated speech, a most vigorous and incisive attack upon all ecclesiastical organizations, the general drift of which may be gathered from the following quotation:—

The reason, he maintained, why the Church was in a morbid state was because it was a capital-punishment, pro-slavery, woman-under-the-bed society. We hang a man for not doing what society allowed him to do by not educating him, and all this comes from the great root of Christianity. Coming to methods, he said the Church would say, if one had an idea, present it; but not arraign the authorities; for that would be fatal and

blasphemous. With all respect he added, if Jesus should come and preach in the streets of Boston, and try to create a feeling among the masses, he would be in gaol in less than a week.

Here it was rightly felt by the managers of the Convention that the meeting had done its work, and that the proceedings had reached a climax beyond which it would be inartistic to prolong them. Accordingly the Hutchinsons sang the old woman's rights campaign song of the Kansas prairies, and the assembly dispersed.

A NEW CHINESE QUESTION.

THE indifference of the English public to China and all that concerns it has been apparently justified by the pacific relations which have subsisted between us and the Chinese for nearly eight years. Comparatively few persons are directly interested in observing the political condition of that overgrown Empire, or watching the maintenance of its treaties with us. The trade is important, indeed, but the persons who conduct it are few, and not influential enough to command public attention to its progress. And if any member at any time ventured to bring before the House of Commons a Chinese question, he would meet with the fate which befalls bores and pedants who obtrude Eastern names on ignorant listeners. But the time is perhaps coming when Chinese questions will have to be taken up with intelligence and zeal, and when some definite policy must be forced on the Government, if we wish to escape another Chinese war.

The period is approaching at which the last treaty with China will have to be revised. A Minister is about to arrive from China, to negotiate the terms of its renewal, or the ratification of another. The diplomatist to whom this charge is confided is not a Chinese official, but Mr. Burlingame, who has been for some time the American Resident at the Court of the "Son of Heaven." This gentleman, who was welcomed by the President on his return to the United States with compliments appropriate to the acuteness which had outwitted the slower intellects of Europe, is understood to be accredited, not only to England, but to all the European States. The character of this appointment is in reality less flattering to the gentleman selected than the highly flavoured compliments of the American President would at first sight suggest. He is selected not for his knowledge of Chinese history, policy, or language, for he is ignorant of all three, but because he has the pushing importunateness of the Yankee mind, and sees in his mission a means of making political capital for himself. There is also another reason which he would be the last to admit, but which is not the less real. No Chinese of high position would even now deign to visit a barbarian Court as Minister. The last diplomatic agent sent to England from China was a clerk, who in his own country would have unhesitatingly exhibited every sign of deferential respect towards an English Consul, and whose report of his reception in this country only confirmed the previous contempt of the Chinese for us. If the character of Mr. Burlingame's mission is unusually compendious, its object is in no less degree suspicious. Its attainment would either tend to involve us in immediate war, or fasten on us humiliations from which we could only be extricated by a war sooner or later. So that the purport of our existing treaties should be thoroughly examined, and all propositions for their modification should be narrowly watched.

It was only after taking Peking that we extorted the distinct recognition of the right, previously conceded in form, that Europeans should be allowed to travel freely in China, and that European diplomatic agents should have personal access to the Emperor. In the same way it had only been by bombarding Canton that the nominal right of entering Canton became a substantial concession to the English merchants and traders. In both cases the grand obstacle to the execution of the treaty was the antipathy, not of the Canton or Peking people, but of the high Imperial or provincial functionaries, to the admission of foreigners. The officials in the one case did all they could to make the entrance into Canton, and in the other, the entrance into Peking, impossible to Europeans. They deprecated, coaxed, wheedled, and postponed the execution of the treaty in each case, always on the plea that it would outrage the feelings of the people, whereas the people had no hostile feeling whatever on the subject. For many years the Treaty of Nankin was just as much a dead letter as the Treaty of Tientsin is now; and the former would have continued to be a dead letter but for the war of 1857. The opposition of the officials was based upon no distinct or assignable reason beyond a vague fear of change. Ultimately, in each case, when advantage was taken of the provisions of a treaty, the populace was instigated by deliberate misrepresentations to make an attack on European travellers or on European ships. Even after the termination of the last war, the indifference of our Ambassadors neutralized the effects of the zeal of our Commanders. Sir Frederick Bruce had studied and profited by the doctrine "*pas trop de zèle*." He knew by instinct rather than by experience that no one is so odious to a "Department" as the servant who goes beyond the strict letter of his instructions, and who supplements by spontaneous assiduity the imperfect directions of his superiors. He did not care to disturb such ease and pleasure as a diplomatic post in China afforded by insisting on disagreeable stipulations, or exciting hostile prejudices. So he did, as his predecessors had done before, nothing, or next to nothing. The old story is now repeating itself. Visits to the interior of the country are rare, and will soon become rarer, on the part of

foreigners. Visits of courtesy or petition to the Emperor are never made at all. At present, a valid justification of this omission is presented by the youth of the Emperor, who is still a minor. But by the omission the Chinese will profit, as they have profited before. They will say that we have waived each right, just as they used to say we had waived the right to go into Canton or to go up to Peking. They will say that the people never heard of the concession having been made to us; that they have never seen it exercised; that they would disbelieve in its existence if told of it, and that they would rise in tumult if they saw an attempt made to enforce it.

Such, according to past experience, will naturally be the result of our own inertness even if no active steps are taken by the Chinese. But active steps will be taken by them. It is understood that Mr. Burlingame, whom Lord Stanley has undertaken to receive, will be charged with the duty of proposing a renewal of the existing treaty, mutilated in two of its most important stipulations. He will be instructed to submit for the consideration of European Courts the impolicy of inserting conditions obnoxious to the national sentiments of the Chinese people. He will recommend that we and they should give up every privilege which we extorted by costly sacrifices of men and money. He will seek to wheedle us out of every advantage which we obtained by two great and expensive expeditions. A former American Minister tried to cheat us out of the advantages which we had earned by an expensive war. He anticipated our demands by a separate conciliatory negotiation with the Chinese. Had Lord Elgin been less firm or less wisely counselled at the last moment, he might have yielded all the essential fruits of two campaigns. What the former Minister failed to do then, it is not impossible that Mr. Burlingame may succeed in doing now, unless Lord Stanley has sufficient discernment to see beneath the surface of plausible suggestions, and sufficient firmness to resist the pretence of deferring to popular sympathies and national prejudices. If it so happens that Lord Stanley, at the time of Mr. Burlingame's arrival, is too much occupied with a defence of Mr. Disraeli's general policy to afford time for such small matters as a Chinese treaty, or if he is inclined to sacrifice everything to the supposed propitiation of the Chinese people, it may come to pass that in the revised treaty with China we cut out every thing which constitutes the special value of the present treaty. And what then would happen? That which happened before. Our concession or abandonment of a formal privilege would be set down to cowardice and weakness. The Chinese officials would exhibit an unmistakable sign of waning power. This opinion would naturally be confirmed by the countrymen of the Minister who had negotiated the treaty. It would go forth among the Chinese that the American Minister went to England, and there so frightened the Queen's Ministers and the great men that they at once gave in to all that was demanded by the American representative of China. If matters ever come to this, it will be said that England is a second-chop country. Then will follow the old series of annoyance and insult. First, one kind of impertinence and then another. Then illegal and unwarrantable impositions of import duties; of which our merchants are already complaining. Afterwards, insults, assaults, and murders. Englishmen will be forbidden from entering places where they have hitherto had right of entry. They will be followed, mobbed, pelted. Some will be tortured to death. Small vessels will be pursued and searched, under every pretext or without pretext. And all this will happen, not because the Chinese people dislike to see us or other foreigners in their cities, but because the official class, in its vague apprehension of some fearful change, wish to keep us out. But the repetition of violence and insult would not be long tolerated by us. We, though placed on the same apparent footing as all foreigners, have far greater interests at stake than any other State in China, and as great as all others put together. The Americans, whose countryman is deputed on this insidious negotiation, do not export to China one twenty-fifth of our exports. Moreover, this trade is capable of great extension. Though much smaller than it may become, it is a trade essential to our maritime and commercial greatness. An interruption of it, especially an interruption accompanied, if not caused, by menace and violence, would be prejudicial to private and national interests; so prejudicial that the country would not be likely to put up with it quietly. A war would ensue; for the British public is never so belligerent as when, after it has been talking pacific commonplaces and dreaming pacific visions, it suddenly finds itself rudely slapped in the face; and if such a war did ensue, it could hardly stop where the last war stopped. The frequent violation of solemn pledges and evasion of national treaties would at once suggest and justify the appropriation of a material guarantee, and we should find ourselves compelled by the jealousy and bad faith of the Chinese to do that which we have so often been compelled to do in India.

Whatever may be said against such a policy, it would certainly not be worse than that which we have often pursued heretofore. We have too often dealt with the Chinese in a manner which proved our complete ignorance of their character and ideas. For years we demeaned ourselves before them as slaves before their masters; we received communications, generally in the form of orders, not from the heads of provinces or the counsellors of the Emperor, but from petty subordinates or from the Hong merchants. The fruits of this ignominious self-abasement were what might reasonably have been anticipated. The Chinese took us at our own estimate, and treated us accordingly. Then came a war. We

opened Canton, and became possessed of Hong Kong. Again we were insulted, and again had recourse to reprisals. The occupation of Peking and the captivity of Yeh taught the Chinese a lesson the impressiveness of which it was the duty of our Minister to have confirmed. Instead of that, he weakened it. And it will be still further weakened if, in deference to the solicitations of an American Minister who naturally wishes to exalt his own country at the expense of ours, we consent to mutilate the provisions of a treaty, the honest observance of which would have conducted as much to the enlightenment and advantage of the Chinese people as to our own commercial profit. We have strong claims on the Chinese Government. We might have allowed it to be broken up and wrecked by its own insurgent populace. It was wholly rotten, and its collapse would not have injured us. On the contrary, in a general break-up we might have occupied and maintained a strong vantage-ground. We might have played the Government and the revolutionists off against each other. But we stood by the wretched and tottering Government in its hour of peril. We fought and put down the rebels. We reinstated the Government, and now it repays us by an underhand attempt to cheat us out of all which is essential to our relations with the country. Should it succeed, ultimately there would be another war, not to be measured by the last either in its severity or its results. And it is to anticipate such a necessity that we call attention to the expected arrival of a mission the insidious purposes of which may be promoted as much by the indifference of one negotiator as by the craft and subtlety of the other.

THE NEW ACT OF UNIFORMITY.

NO. "It won't do"—to use Lord Shaftesbury's own minatory and dictatorial language in the House of Lords. We are not going to make another Reformation of the Church of England, with the Protestant Earl for our Henry and Cranmer, Luther, Calvin, and Zwingli, all in one. Whatever else the Church of the future is to be, we are not quite prepared to have all the work of Convocations and Synods, Conferences of Savoy and Hampton Court, undone by a short Act excothegated by a Committee in the Adelphi Terrace and subsidized by Mr. Colquhoun's Fund. It is just a trifle overdoing it that we are to consent to be puritanized by the coryphaeus of Exeter Hall, and the Church, be it of three or thirteen centuries, unsettled at the dictation of a single person. A new Act of Uniformity has been presented to the House of Lords, avowedly founded upon the Reports of the Ritual Commissioners before that Commission has concluded its labours, as it seems without consulting the Commissioners, and without the sanction of the Government which issued the Commission. We make all allowances for the necessities of the Committee which has been collecting subscriptions to put down Ritualism. They must have something to show for the money they have got, or got promised, and, looking at Lord Shaftesbury's Bill merely as an advertisement for the last Protestant Association, it may answer that purpose, but it is not likely to gain any other. We are not quite ripe for a new Church, or for facing a new schism at the far end of the last Session of a dying and dishonoured Parliament. Even if nobody else protests against this hot haste, the Ritual Commissioners themselves may feel aggrieved that the bread is taken out of their mouths by the very man who thought his dignity and consistency would be lost by condescending to assist at their inquiries.

Not that anybody will feel much for the humiliation inflicted on those unhappy personages the Commissioners. They are only suffering the affront which they invited. They are superseded by Lord Shaftesbury because they have only succeeded in stultifying themselves. In their First Report the Commissioners really came to no conclusion. They stated that they thought "it expedient to restrain all variations in respect of vesture in the public services of the Church of England and Ireland"; but what they meant by "restraint" no human being, not even themselves, was prepared to say. To restrain variations cannot be the same thing as to prohibit variations, because it would appear to be impossible to restrain what does not exist; and therefore the Report seemed—if it was intended to have any meaning, which probably was not the case—to permit variations, but to subject them to some conditions, limitations, and qualifications. In common language, and in dialect not spoken by Royal Commissioners, to restrain the license of the press does not mean to destroy all printing-presses. The first and fundamental objection, therefore, to Lord Shaftesbury's Bill is that it is totally opposed to the Commissioners' Report. The Commissioners gave an inch; the Bill takes an ell. The Report proposed to restrain; the Bill proposes to prohibit. The Commissioners could not have intended to prohibit when they said restrain, because, being probably honest and honourable prelates, noblemen, and gentlemen, when they meant one thing they would not have said, especially when they were addressing the Queen, another (one of them indeed expressly says, speaking of the First Report, "In assenting to the recommendation that the use of vestments long disused should be restrained, I do not understand prohibition"), and because, moreover, certain members, and they not the least distinguished, of their own body openly declared that, in using the word restrain, they expressly excluded from such restraint certain cases which they, with some precision, indicated. It comes to this, that whereas the Commissioners in their Report

recommended that it was expedient to restrain—i.e. to keep in order, to hold in check, to discourage—the use of certain gorgeous apparel in our churches, the Earl of Shaftesbury construes this to mean that it is necessary to prohibit the said sumptuous attire.

We have spoken only of the Commissioners' First Report. In their Second Report the folly of using this vague, ambiguous, misleading, and *ad captandum* language, came out. As soon as the Commissioners came to turn the word restraint into use, they flew in pieces; and the twenty-nine Commissioners were reduced to nineteen. Ten of their number declined to prohibit, under the fiction of restraint, the use, under any circumstances, of lighted candles and incense. The Bishop of Oxford and the Deans of Westminster and Ely, Lord Beauchamp and the Dean of the Arches, Messrs. Boreford Hope and Hubbard, Mr. John Coleridge and Messrs. Gregory and Perry, parted company with their associates. For various reasons they protested by anticipation against this very Bill of Earl Shaftesbury. They did not want a new Church, or a new Prayer Book, or a new Act of Uniformity. "They cannot advise the introduction of a new Rule of Ornaments"; they "cannot approve of any attempt to stereotype by legislation for perpetual observance any use not strictly recognised"; they "believe the attempt to introduce it would be dangerous"; they "deprecate particular enactments on these subjects." Again, they observe that "the Church of England has always contained two parties, one caring much for outward observance and ceremonial, the other careless about, or even hostile to, them"; they go on to say that "room must be found for both," "within such limits variety is desirable," and variations "should be restrained only when they give offence to the parishioners." These are the reasons why even those of the Commissioners who thought that the legal use of the impugned ceremonial had not been proved declined to legislate on the subject; for we say nothing and quote nothing from Earl Beauchamp and Mr. Pusey, who argued that the usages had not been disproved.

In these reasons we emphatically and entirely concur. The matter at issue is twofold—first, the liberty of the Church of England, and the necessity which there is for an institution claiming to be the national expression of the collective and diffused religious sentiment of the people, including in it all tastes and feelings, not only in more essential matters, but also, in all reasonable variety, in matters of faith and dogma; and next, the excessive danger of giving a victory to the contemptible faction of Puritans. To take the first consideration. The old Acts of Uniformity have egregiously failed. Their object was never gained even when they were backed by fine and imprisonment, Star Chambers and Bishops' Courts, active, resolute, and influential. They have silently rotted away even in past days when education and intelligence and free speech and free thought scarcely existed, and in the presence of a small, unintelligent, and uninquiring population. How will these cobweb shackles be of avail in days like ours, when men will think and act for themselves? It may be to some minds very puerile to desire their religion to be accompanied with pompous forms, and solemn rites, and gorgeous and scenic habiliments. But opinions one way will not hinder or influence opinions the other way. As far as the things themselves are concerned it is past question that a highly-wrought and decorated ceremonial in public worship is more in harmony with the spirit of the age, or with correct taste, than the dulness of Puritanism or the established practice of the last three hundred years. Religion, after all, must follow what is in man, not what is forced upon man. We build all these sumptuous Houses of Parliament, Government offices, Law Courts, Town Halls, and the like. We have our great Handel celebrations, our ceremonial and costume on the stage; our houses, streets, embankments, drawing-rooms, furniture—all exhibit the pomp, pride, and circumstance of decoration and lavish display; and it is simply absurd to suppose that, with all this going on in every department of civil and social life, the religious function of the nineteenth-century man in England should not be affected by it. Whether all this is right or wrong, morally or aesthetically, whether it is the sign of a lofty and soaring, or of a withering and corrupted civilization, whether it smacks of Athens or of the Lower Empire, we neither know nor care; it is the fact of the day, open to any intelligence less narrow than Lord Shaftesbury's. It is as useless to resist it as it is childish to affect not to see the Liberalism of the day.

And this mention of Liberalism suggests another aspect of the argument. The Evangelical and Puritan party must in their turn submit to the consequences of their own past successes. In the Gorham case, and the *Essays and Reviews* case, what was really at issue was whether the doctrines of the Church were to be construed with a certain breadth and elasticity, or not. What was decided in these judgments, and, as most people thought, with a view chiefly of staving off difficulties and preventing secessions on a large scale, was that a considerable latitude must be allowed on such matters as the doctrines of Baptism, the Inspiration of Scripture, the duration, or meaning, of Eternity in Punishment. The triumph was that of compromise, of making allowances, of comprehending; and this principle was affirmed for the benefit of the Evangelicals in the one case, and of the Latitudinarians in the other. Well, sauce for the goose, &c. The Ritualists and the High Churchmen have just the same right to appeal to this principle of comprehension and liberality as the Low Churchmen and the Broad Churchmen; and common honesty demands that their appeal should be equally attended to. It is simply preposterous for a Church which is so broad in doctrine

to be so very punctilious and precise and uniform in externals. The liberty given in doctrine is not to be taken away as regards ceremonial. The Privy Council decisions and Lord Shaftesbury's Bill, should they ever become law together, would imply an insolent and intolerable and revolting contradiction and absurdity. On both grounds, therefore, because the proposed Bill interferes with religious liberty, and because it seeks to give a triumph to the Evangelicals, it ought to be, as it will be, dismissed with contumely. We have already spoken, in canvassing the Report of the nineteen Commissioners, of the absurd and ridiculous character of the "easy and effectual" remedy suggested for "the aggrieved parishioner." The present Bill embodies the memorable suggestion that a minority of three in a thousand are to coerce the wishes and tastes and convictions of three hundred and thirty-three times their number; and that in a parish, say of 50,000, for such parishes exist, any five may "take proceedings against the minister." That any Bill should contain a piece of legislation so grotesquely absurd, so infinitely ridiculous in its tyranny as this, or that with all its pretended zeal for conformity it should, after all, have expressly excepted from its provisions the use of copes in cathedral services, and that it should allow candlesticks and candles in them on the altar, but unlighted candles, is not its deepest condemnation. If it is carried it simply amounts to a repeal of the Act of Uniformity by the infliction of a new test and a new yoke. That is to say, it means the disruption of the Church of England; a step not, we think, to be dictated by the Earl of Shaftesbury.

EASTERN TELEGRAPHS.

LORD WILLIAM HAY'S motion on the subject of the Indian Telegraphs suffered from a disadvantage incidental to all attacks upon the administrative services. All the prominent leaders who either are or hope to be occupants of the Treasury Bench are conspicuously silent when the Government is pressed to perform any executive duty. The pressure which is applied to existing Ministers may, it is remembered, serve a short time hence to embarrass their successors, and an independent member who aims solely at the efficiency of the public service is quite certain to be left to fight his battle without any influential support. The chiefs of Opposition, no less than the Ministers themselves, seem to conceive that they have a direct interest in quashing all impertinent inquiries. The consequence was that Lord William Hay was supported only by the representatives of commerce, and took nothing by his motion. And yet the subject was quite as worthy of consideration as if it had afforded scope for a party vote or for stinging personalities. The state of telegraphic communication with the East has become quite intolerable, and the fault lies entirely with the blundering of the Home and Indian Governments. Geographical conditions absolutely prescribe the route to be adopted for an Indian telegraph. Through the Mediterranean and the Red Sea it is open to us to lay a line to India absolutely under our own control, with the exception of a few miles along the railway from Alexandria to Suez, lying in the dominions of the Pasha of Egypt, who, as experience has proved, may be trusted to interpose no obstacle to the management of the line by an English staff. Such a line would not only be substantially free from all political complications, but would escape the interruptions and avoid the mismanagement inevitably attached to a land line through the most barbarous provinces of Asiatic Turkey. And yet, in spite of these obvious considerations, the whole weight of the Government is thrown into the scale of the Persian Gulf line, which neither pays a percentage on its cost nor affords the facilities which are equally required for political and commercial purposes. The alternative line through Russia now in course of construction, if it should relieve the commercial world of some of the inconveniences at present endured, will greatly aggravate the evils of the present situation, for it will ruin the Turkish line, which is the favourite of our Government, and will leave our communications with India absolutely at the mercy of our only rival in Asia.

All these points were very forcibly put by Lord William Hay, and it is curious to see how they were met on the part of the Government. Sir Stafford Northcote expressed a confident hope that, "if no political complication should arise," the Russian line would before long very fairly serve the wants of the community. But what if political complications should arise? In such a case, what would be the position of India with no effectual means of communicating with the Home Government except through the lines of an actual or prospective enemy? It is quite likely that any collision with Russia on the frontiers of India may be postponed for many years, but it will come some day; and even in the meantime the Government would scarcely desire their political telegrams to depend for safe and speedy transmission on the kindness of the Czar. And this will be the inevitable consequence of the success of the Russian scheme. At present the Persian Gulf and Turkey line barely pays its working expenses, and when nine-tenths of the traffic has been diverted it will simply cease to work at all. That is the prospect which the Government affects to regard with satisfaction, and this in spite of Sir John Lawrence's earnest warning of the essential importance of an alternative line by the route of the Red Sea. On this, the vital part of the whole question, Sir Stafford North-

cote simply shuts his eyes (probably without much effort), and can see no danger at all. He seems, however, to have had glimmering enough of the seriousness of the subject to desire to reinforce his argument by one of his familiar platitudes, and, accordingly, he laid down a principle absolutely unexceptionable if it had not been wholly inapplicable to the case before him. The policy of the Imperial Government, he said, was settled against giving a guarantee to any submarine telegraphs, and this on the ground that private enterprise had succeeded in making a profit out of such undertakings. That Government should never guarantee anything is one of the soundest maxims that could be laid down, but it does not follow that Government should never do anything. It may be conceded to Sir Stafford Northcote that a rational Government would in every such case either take risk and profit together, or leave both to a private Company; but the success of the Atlantic Company, who had no Government rival to contend against, is no reason why private enterprise should be expected to enter upon a field which the Government has already occupied and nearly ruined. If the Indian Government had not taken up the foolish project of a telegraph through Turkey, the Red Sea line would probably have been in working order many years ago. Unfortunately, official assistance has gone just far enough to paralyse private enterprise, without supplying any efficient substitute. A Company that should lay a cable to India by Alexandria and Suez would lose all the benefit of the Government messages (except perhaps when time was specially important), and would have to work in competition with a rival concern supported by all the revenues of India. Even with these heavy drawbacks we believe that a private line by the way of the Red Sea might be a promising venture. At present, however, it is clear that the commercial world does not see its way to setting up in rivalry to so formidable an opponent as the Government, and there was a fine touch of irony about Sir Stafford Northcote's suggestion that a Government which has actually taken possession of the field, and established an Indian telegraph, has a right to cast upon private enterprise the duty of constructing an alternative line which every one now admits is the only one that ought ever to have been laid.

From this and previous discussions one point comes out beyond all dispute. It is not questioned that the route selected by our Government was the worst, and that by the Red Sea the best, that could be chosen. Sir Stafford, it is true, ventured on the idle remark that, even by the Red Sea route, an absolutely independent line would not be secured; but it is scarcely necessary to say that the possible interference of Egypt over a few miles of the communication is an evil in no way comparable with the mischievous control of Turkey over many hundreds of miles of the existing route. It is true, also, that to perfect the proposed line we should require an ocean cable to Gibraltar, and thence to Malta and Alexandria. But even without waiting for this portion of the work, by far the most pressing want would be supplied when once the Turkish portion of the line was supplanted. The communication through Europe already offers several alternative routes, thereby affording a security against interruption second only to that supplied by the possession of a cable of our own. Sooner or later a complete submarine line from England to India, with no other break than the Isthmus of Suez, will be recognised as essential, but the fact that more than half the benefit may be secured at once by the completion of the most important link of the chain is rather a recommendation of the project than an objection to it. It was very obvious that none of Sir Stafford Northcote's arguments expressed the real motives of the Government. The truth is well known, and might as well have been avowed. The Government, in common with the rest of the world, are perfectly aware that the Red Sea route is the right one, and that their existing line is a blunder. They cannot fail to see also that by entering the field themselves and constructing an Indian telegraph they have done their best to exclude private enterprise, and can no longer be entitled to say that telegraphic communication with India is a matter which commercial people must see to themselves without Government assistance. The Government hindrance is there in the shape of the existing line, and it is too late to cast all responsibility upon the merchants who complain so justly of the inefficiency of the Government work. The financial difficulty might perhaps alarm a timid Executive, but in the face of the extreme importance of having a line independent of Russia, and the little risk there is of loss now that ocean telegraphy is so well understood, no Government would long hesitate to incur an expenditure which would probably soon recoup itself, and would certainly serve the most important political and commercial purposes.

Unfortunately, there is a still more serious embarrassment behind. In their panic after the breakdown of the first Red Sea cable, the Government applied no inconsiderable pressure at Constantinople to induce the Turks to manufacture the unlucky line from Constantinople to the Persian Gulf, and there is therefore some delicacy felt in taking an active part in the establishment of a rival line. The Turks have utterly failed to maintain efficient communication; but they are supposed, in official circles, to have a sort of vested interest in the mismanagement of our communications with India with which the Government are reluctant to interfere. One can appreciate the extreme politeness of this mode of viewing the matter; but it would be a singular state of things if England should be condemned in perpetuity to go without an effective telegraph to India because the Government have first shut out private enterprise from the field, and

then placed themselves under obligations to Turkey which prevent them from doing what is wanted themselves. It would be better to repay the Sultan twice over all that he spent upon his worthless line than to sacrifice the interests of India and the convenience of English merchants to considerations of international etiquette.

THE LUTHER FESTIVAL AT WORMS.

THE rage for monster meetings seems to have passed from the world into the Church. Last year we had the Pan-Anglican Synod. Next year we are promised a still more imposing assemblage under the shadow of the Vatican. Meanwhile, Dean Alford presided the other day at what has been rather ambitiously designated a Pan-Protestant gathering at the Cheshunt Theological College, to indicate his benevolent conviction that there is no difference between Anglican deans and their "reverend brethren" of the Dissenting persuasions, except indeed one, which he modestly omitted to state. Both parties, he observed, are agreed in disliking the "scarlet lines" still interwoven with our Reformed Liturgy; but he did not add that the former are fortunate in possessing a more enlightened—or more elastic—conscience, which, as long as the scarlet is inseparably attached to the endowments, enables them to accept both together. If the 600 ministers of all denominations assembled at Cheshunt constituted a Pan-Protestant meeting, what are we to call the far grander assemblage, graced "by the presence of the Royal families of Germany," as the penny-a-liners have it, which met at Worms to inaugurate the monument of Luther? Perhaps it will be most respectful to the memory of the great Reformer if we call it Pan-Lutheran. The *Times*' Correspondent, to be sure, begins by telling us that the memorial is dedicated, "not to a man, but to a period," but then he tells us at the end that "it is the man, not his creed, that is worshipped," and we are inclined to think that his second thoughts are better than his first. It is certainly not to Luther's creed that this act of homage is being paid, at least by those who happen to know anything about what it was. We do not reckon among them the *Times*' reporter, who speaks of his having vindicated "the cause of religious liberty," though that is perhaps what his modern worshippers have a vague notion that they are trying to do themselves. It was the very last thing Luther wished to accomplish, if by religious liberty is meant liberty for those who differ from your own belief. And a leading organ of theological liberalism in England informed us only the other day that in this matter it was quite of Luther's mind.

It may be worth while to remember that the two leading points of Luther's theology were the sole and supreme infallibility of the written Word—always, however, as interpreted by himself—and justification by faith; or, in the more exact terminology of Protestant divines, the dogma of imputed righteousness. We doubt if there are a hundred Lutherans in the present day, so far as that name can be properly used at all, since the Lutheran and Calvinistic Churches have been fused into one by the late King of Prussia, who hold either doctrine. It would be curious to know which of them is referred to in Her Majesty's telegram expressing "the sympathies of Protestant England" with the inauguration ceremony at Worms. No doubt Protestant England holds to the Bible as against the Pope, but hardly to the Bible as interpreted by Luther, considering that one of the tenets which he most strenuously insisted on to the last, as taught by the letter of Scripture, was consubstantiation, which never obtained a moment's foothold in this country. And as to "imputed righteousness," though there is still a school among us perpetually engaged in denouncing "the soul-destroying heresy" of inherent righteousness, or, as they prefer to call it, "justification by works," we suspect that this is practically the belief of the immense majority of intelligent Christians outside the Church of Rome just as much as within it. Indeed, it is difficult to conceive how any rational being could seriously maintain, except for controversial purposes, what Luther laid down as the *articulus stantis vel cadentis ecclesie*; nor would he ever have been the man he was, or exerted the influence he did over his countrymen, had he consistently acted on his own professed belief. Translated out of technical terminology into the language of ordinary life, his teaching came simply to this—that sin, actual no less than original, is an integral and ineradicable constituent of human nature; all our seeming virtues are but disguised and scarcely "splendid sins"; the constancy of Socrates, the chastity of Xenocrates, the temperance of Zeno, are expressly declared to be "vices," for from man's corrupt nature comes only what is damnable. And justification is not to be effected through the reformation of the sinner, or his efforts after good, which are at once presumptuous and unprofitable, but by a bare imputation or transference to him of the merits of Christ. This is not the creed which either England or Germany would delight to honour, but it is a very guarded statement, as any one may ascertain for himself, of the doctrines still most explicitly laid down in the Lutheran formularies. The Reformer's own summary of his teaching, *Esto peccator et peccata fortiter sed confide fortius*, may be sufficiently illustrated by a famous passage quoted from his works by Italian. *Sufficit quod agnovimus Dei Agnum qui tollit peccata mundi, ab hoc non avolet nos peccatum, etiamsi milies milies uno die fornicemur aut occidamus.* It was but a natural corollary from these doctrines when Calvin,

Beza, and Zwingli—whose figures, it seems, are grouped round that of the great Protestant hero at Worms—added that a large proportion of mankind are created by God to be the instruments of sin and victims of His just vengeance, and that, being above all law, He breaks none in forcing them to commit sin, as when He became the author of David's adultery. It is instructive to observe how even the most orthodox of Lutheran divines in our own day—men like the Danish Bishop Martensen and Rothe and Thomasius—continue to wriggle out of the unmistakable sense of the formularies they verbally accept. We do not question their personal devotion to the patriarch of their Church, but they have as little in common with his teaching as a modern Wesleyan reviler of the bloated Establishment has in common with John Wesley. Only they have changed for the better, and the Wesleyan preachers for the worse.

The ludicrous unreality of the inaugural ceremony at Worms, so far as it can be supposed to have any religious significance beyond that of chalking up No Popery in unusually big letters, becomes still more conspicuous if we turn to the descriptive details. There is something touching in the union with which the *Times*' Correspondent informs us that "Luther, with face turned upwards, rests his clenched fist on the closed Bible, as if uttering the famous verse of his beautiful chorale, *Das Wort sie sollen lassen stahn.*" Well, indeed, may he clench his fist, and lift his eyes to heaven. There is no land in Christendom that has been so distinguished for a century past, for its studied disobedience to the injunction of the "beautiful chorale," as his own. Every attack on the authenticity or the inspiration of the Bible, which in Dr. Colenso's feeble reproduction has so terribly disturbed "the sympathies of Protestant England," emanated from Germany. We owe it exclusively to German critics of Luther's spiritual progeny that the Word has not been "suffered to stand." If it be true, to quote the saying of a recent Broad Church essayist, that "the doctrine of plenary inspiration (the fundamental tenet of the Reformation) has broken like packthread before the rising gales of scientific discovery and historical research," the children of the Reformers have broken it. Their fathers believed in the great Protestant prophet; they are content to disbelieve, and build his sepulchre. The enthusiastic reporter has apparently the sole credit of this singularly infelicitous extract from Luther's hymn. But the next quotation of his words is engraved on the pedestal of the monument. "Faith is life in God, but it is only through the Spirit of Christ that we can hope to understand Holy Writ." What precise sense may have been attached to this statement by John Lugenbagen and Justus Jonas, with whose portraits they appear to be associated, we are not sufficiently acquainted with the history of those worthies to be prepared to say. But we know pretty well what Luther meant by them, and what is meant by those who have inscribed them on his monument. In the mouth of the former, understanding Scripture by the Spirit of Christ meant finding in Scripture the comfortable doctrine of justification by faith alone without works. In the mouth of the latter it means that "free handling in a becoming spirit," and "treating the Bible like any other book"—for instance, like Homer or Shakespeare, or the book of nature, all equally divine revelations—which we have heard a good deal about lately, and for which manner of dealing with the written Word Luther would unquestionably have burnt them if he had had the opportunity. There is the same happy flexibility about the next inscription. "Those that rightly understand Christ will not be moved by what man may enjoy. They are free, not in the flesh, but in the spirit." Our informant adds that John Calvin and Ulrich Zwingli "are aptly placed under this motto." We quite agree with him. The collocation is exceedingly apt, whichever way it be taken. If it be intended to represent Luther's toleration of their differences from himself, it is sufficient to observe that he took an odd way of expressing it. If their own liberality of sentiment is referred to, it was strikingly exemplified when Calvin sent Servetus to the stake. By rejecting "what man may enjoy," Luther meant rejecting what the Pope may enjoy. Those who rejected his own testimony might be "free in the spirit," but it was no fault of his if they were "free in the flesh" to indulge their heretical proclivities. He insisted that no Government could tolerate heresy without becoming responsible for the souls it destroyed, and that it was a duty to put down "abominations," among which he expressly reckoned a denial of his own theory of justification, and the "idolatry" of the Mass. Beza and Zwingli wrote strongly in the same sense; and the "mild and temperate Melancthon," as he is called in the description of his figure on the monument, maintained, with strange inconsistency, that "new opinions" should be punished with death, and highly extolled the "pious and memorable example" of the burning of Servetus.

There are secular as well as theological saints accommodated with a niche in the Luther monument at Worms. The reporter waxes eloquent, though a little oracular, over the figure of "Frederick the Wise," Elector of Saxony, whose wisdom, by the way, consisted principally in a singular aptitude for discerning which way the wind was blowing. "Next to Providence," we are informed, "it is to this great and good man that Germany is indebted for the principle of religious liberty"—that is, of Lutheranism. One is irresistibly reminded of the pastoral of a French Cardinal—we forget which—in 1859, when the Italian campaign was only just beginning, and the future Piate was still an Ultramontane hero. "God, my beloved brethren," observed his Eminence, "with the assistance of France, is writing a magni-

ficient page in the history of the world." The chief means, it appears, by which Frederick, next to Providence, achieved the triumph of religious liberty was by furnishing Luther "the wherewithal to maintain that delightful home presided over by Kato"; in other words, enabling him to marry the runaway nun, Catharine de Bora, whose charms convinced him of the wickedness of a sacerdotal and monastic celibacy. Notwithstanding these eminent services of Frederick the Wise to the cause of the Reformation, it is sad to be reminded that "unfortunately the principal branch of his issue have (*sic*) relapsed into Catholicism." But the statement is at least intelligible, and is unquestionably true. There is another allegation made about him, and it is evidently regarded by the writer as far the most important, which we have vainly racked our brains to interpret. We give it therefore as it stands:—"An Englishman is naturally gratified to reflect that, as he was the most celebrated ancestor of the Prince Consort, he stands in the same relation to the future kings of his country." We thought at first "his country" meant Saxony, but then it was not very clear why Englishmen should be "naturally" interested in the relations of the Elector Frederick to any monarchs of Saxony, past or future. On the other hand, one hardly sees how Frederick's being the most celebrated ancestor of the Prince Consort proves that he will be the most celebrated ancestor of all future Kings of England. Even excluding the possible contingency of his finding a rival some day among the Prince Consort's descendants, or the amiable persuasion that he has found a rival in the Prince Consort himself, our "future kings" may surely be permitted to reckon the former sovereigns of England, as well as former Electors of Saxony, among their ancestors. And some of them might be named whose celebrity is almost equal to that of Frederick the Wise.

Luther, as we have seen, cannot be held to represent any single positive conviction of the German Protestants of to-day. But we have more direct, not to say grotesque, evidence, in the account of the recent festival, that he was glorified, not as a religious prophet, but as a national hero. According to one narrative of the celebration, the most striking speech delivered was that of the Mayor of the city, "who is a Catholic," adds the writer, "as are three-fourths of the citizens of Worms." The Mayor said, in substance, that he considered Luther a very fine fellow, and honoured him for his boldness and sincerity. So do we on the whole, though his boldness was apt to degenerate into bravado, and his sincerity often took the form of what in anybody else would be termed outrageous coarseness. There is no reason why Germans, both Catholic and Protestant, should not unite in paying homage to their national hero. And if the Queen thinks it due to the memory of the departed descendant of Frederick the Wise to express a personal interest in the solemnity, no one can complain of her doing so. But it is not obvious why Her Majesty should "send a telegram expressing the sympathies of Protestant England" with a German national festival. Protestant England has no more concern with the matter than Orthodox Russia or Catholic France. One point of contact, but hardly of sympathy, there is between Luther and our English sovereigns. Her Majesty owes her title of "Defender of the Faith" to a book written by one of her royal ancestors to refute his novel doctrine of the Sacraments. If we sympathize with the inauguration of Luther's monument at Worms, it is in just the same sense that we sympathize with the ceremony held the other day at Orleans to celebrate the memory of Joan of Arc; and we did not hear of any telegram being despatched on that occasion to the French Emperor. A national *fête* is a very proper thing in its way, but it is always better to call things by their right names. The Germans are not celebrating the triumph of Lutheran doctrine, which they have long since rejected; and the triumph achieved by Luther himself was that of a particularly narrow and intolerant theological system, not of religious liberty.

SAINT MARGARET'S, WESTMINSTER.

THE Collegiate Church of Westminster seems beset by foes within and without. To be sure its cruellest foes are, as usual, those of its own household. It is from within that the most unkindest cuts of all do come. It is not the hand of the stranger which turns the most solemn spot in England into a sixpenny peep-show, which puts forth a grotesque romance as the history of the Abbey, or which drags the poor old minster into a police court to have nonsense talked about its weatherecock eight hundred years back. Perhaps the caputular mind, however anxious to dispossess itself of its own fiefhold, may acquiesce in the judgment of law and of common sense that an estate once granted and never since alienated must belong to the grantee and not to anybody else. But the impulse thus given from within is worthily carried on from without. The touter who got sent to prison for showing or not showing the Abbey did his best to turn a penny by disturbing an established trade. But it was only because the established trade was flourishing within the walls that it came into the touter's head to attempt his nefarious practices without them. If the Chapter did what they could to get rid of the Abbey altogether by proving it to be, not their collegiate church, but a royal palace, it is no wonder that an external body should compass the overthrow of a building whose removal is aesthetically almost equivalent to the overthrow of the Abbey. In a word, Saint Margaret's church, so often threatened, is threatened

again. Foolish people have been clamouring for its removal ever since one can remember, and every time some foolish person has proposed to pull it down, some wise person has come forward with unanswerable arguments to show that it ought to stand. The thing has become a formula; it is one of those subjects on which it is impossible to say anything new. The nonsense talked on the one side and the sense talked on the other always are and always must be the same. At any rate the sense must be the same; but on the principle

ισχυρι μιν γαρ ἀπλῶς, παντοδαπῶς ἔτι κακοί,

it is perhaps possible that the nonsense may sometimes take different shapes. This time the enemy comes in the shape of the Commission appointed to inquire into the question of the Accommodation of the Public Departments, and the succour comes in the shape of Mr. Conway, the Rector of the parish, and of Mr. Venables, Precentor of Lincoln. It is not easy to see what the accommodation of the public departments can have to do with the destruction of Saint Margaret's church. The reason given—namely, that it is wished "to throw the Abbey open and to display its magnificent architecture"—shuts out the idea that it is proposed to accommodate any of the public buildings on its site. One would have thought that such a Commission might have fully discharged its own duties and have left Saint Margaret's alone. But everybody who wishes to be thought a man of taste without being one is ready with his fling at Saint Margaret's. It is so easy to say, and it is, in a certain sense, so true to say, that it hinders the full and free view of Saint Peter's. And from that position it is so easy to leap to the conclusion that that which hinders the full and free view of Saint Peter's ought to be pulled down. To be sure the same argument would, from one point of view, lead to the pulling down of all the subordinate buildings of the Abbey. From another point it would lead to the pulling down of the Palace of Westminster. But these are points from which our Commissioners and our other critics most likely never thought of looking. To those who approach the Abbey by the great thoroughfare by which the world in general does approach it, it is Saint Margaret's, and not the Chapter-House, the Deanery, or the Houses of Parliament, which seems to stand in the way. We in no way attempt to deny the fact that a man who goes straight from Charing Cross to Westminster Abbey would see more of the Abbey if Saint Margaret's were not there. But we do emphatically deny the conclusion that therefore Saint Margaret's ought to be pulled down. We have often stood and looked at the group from the exact point where Saint Margaret's does most to hinder the view. And, every time that we have stood and looked, we have been the more strengthened in our belief that Saint Margaret's ought to stand.

Mr. Conway, the Rector of Saint Margaret's, who writes the first letter to the *Times*, is, we believe, also a member of the Chapter of Saint Peter's. From the sensible way in which he writes, we should infer that there must be many points on which he has not consented to the counsel and deed of his brethren. He puts three points. First, he says that it may be questioned—we deny that there is any question about it—"whether the removal of the church would greatly improve the view of the Abbey from the northern approach." He argues that "the great length of the Abbey, seen in full flank, would awkwardly expose the defect occasioned by the absence of the central tower." That is, as we understand him, and as without doubt is the fact, Saint Margaret's supplies just the break that is wanted. He also pleads for the present church on the ground of long historical associations; he then, as Rector, argues against the site proposed as inconvenient, and says that one-third of the sum proposed to be spent on the removal and rebuilding would put the present church into a state which would make it "no unworthy companion of the Abbey of which it has so long been a dependence."

This is very good as far as it goes, but Mr. Venables comes down with a stronger hand. The new Precentor of Lincoln speaks as a professed antiquary, as one who has been providentially sent to save Saint Hugh's minster from its merciless flayers. Mr. Conway, writing from the flats of Westminster, is more timid, and merely questions. Mr. Venables, speaking with all the vantage ground of the hill of Lincoln, boldly pronounces the proposed scheme to be an "irreparable blunder," and calls on Lord John Manners personally to beware. Mr. Venables goes much more fully than Mr. Conway to the real root of the matter. Saint Margaret's, we are told, is to be destroyed to display the "magnificent architecture of the Abbey." This is of course the grand way of talking, which sounds well, and imposes on people. Mr. Venables boldly implies that, in the parts of the Abbey which would be better seen by the removal of St. Margaret's, there is no "magnificent architecture" to display. Mr. Venables knows what architecture is, and the Commissioners do not. "The exterior of the eastern limb of the Abbey, though venerable and picturesque in the grouping of its parts, has now no claim to architectural beauty." In fact, as Mr. Venables goes on to explain, the old work is actually gone, and even its design cannot always be made out. All this is equally true of the transept and of the outside generally. The outline is there, and a noble outline it is, but there is very little detail of any value. But in the production of that outline, Saint Margaret's, from any point where it can be seen, has a most important share. Saint Peter's, as Mr. Conway reminds us, has the killing defect of lacking a central tower, the more killing because of the small size of the western

towers. The general outline of the church itself, from any point where it can be seen nakedly, is most unsatisfactory. It does not realize the English idea of a great central tower round which everything else groups. It does not realize the French idea of making everything subordinate to the lofty towers at the west end. It has not, and never can have, any tower at all worthy of the building. No doubt a central tower was designed. But, even supposing it to be mechanically possible to carry out that design now, it is very doubtful whether it would be any improvement, except in quite a distant view. The peculiar arrangement of Saint Peter's which places the choir in the western limb produces a vast length of apparent nave, and drives the transepts unduly to the east. A tower built over them, if lofty, would seem a great deal too near to the east end; if low, it would, in a church of the style, height, and elaboration of Westminster, be wanting in dignity. On the whole, though its absence leaves a sad gap, it is better away. Something special then was needed to give effect to the central part of the church. This is obtained by a transept of unusual dignity, combined with the very Saint Margaret's which is complained of. From any point to the north-east, the grouping of Saint Margaret's tower with the transept gable and turrets is most striking and effective. It is unusual, perhaps a little confused; but it is just what is wanted. It calls off attention from the great defect of the Abbey to a most rich and varied group at the same point. Take away Saint Margaret's and the view of the Abbey would doubtless be more uninterrupted. But what would that view be? The uninterrupted view of a building which needs that very Saint Margaret's to hide its faults and to bring out its beauties.

Mr. Venables goes on, in words which we cannot do better than copy as they stand:—

No truth is more certain than that the surest way to dwarf a really large building is to remove from it all standards by which its size may be estimated, and plant it alone with a free space all round it. We all know how much smaller St. Peter's appears than St. Paul's from this very cause. The magnificent piazza in which it stands, and the accurate proportion of its colonnades and other adjuncts, all tend to bring down its size and diminish its effect. Now, at Westminster this much maligned church just supplies what St. Peter's at Rome wants. We see a very large building with a lofty tower dwarfed into insignificance by the side of the Abbey, and we almost unconsciously grasp the dimensions of the building, and have a feeling of its magnitude, which would be lost if this standard were removed. I may add that St. Margaret's has become more than ever essential, now that the Palace of Westminster, with its lofty towers, has been erected in such close proximity to the Abbey. The dignity of the older building suffers grievously in all distant views from its aspiring neighbour. Remove St. Margaret's and the nearer view would almost equally suffer.

The truth is that the people who put Saint Margaret's where it is knew what they were about, and the people who want to take it away do not know what they are about. The mediæval architects were not fools. In the very number of the *Times* in which Mr. Venables' letter appears there is some of the usual nonsense on the subject, nonsense thoroughly worthy of Lord Palmerston himself. The ingenious writer wonders how our mediæval forefathers got in and out of their buildings, and how they managed to see when they were in them. Have mediæval halls and churches no doors and no windows? or is the *Times* so blind that it cannot see even by the light of a range of windows leaving much less stone than glass in the wall? The men who built Westminster Abbey, Westminster Hall, and Saint Margaret's Church, knew thoroughly both how to light those buildings and how to group them. We suspect that very few people who see Westminster Abbey realize, till they get inside, that it is the loftiest church in England. Placed where it is, in London, and in such a part of London, it cannot possibly soar over all surrounding buildings in the way in which much smaller churches soar over all surrounding buildings in other places. Even if it had towers in proportion to its size, Saint Peter of Westminster could never soar over Westminster in the way that Saint Peter of York soars over York. At York it is not merely the towers, it is the bulk of the minster itself, which rises above the city. The ridge of Westminster is forty feet or more higher than that of York, but Westminster can never, while it stands, be the same predominant object which York is. It has still less chance of overtopping all its neighbours since a neighbouring building has sprung up by which it is itself overtopped. Saint Peter's is higher than other English minsters, but it is not higher than they are in the proportion in which other buildings at Westminster are higher than the same kind of buildings in other English cities. Its positive size is therefore likely to be forgotten. But we are recalled to its positive size when we see that a parish church of the larger sort, with a tower which would alone be a prominent object in most towns, seems small by the side of it.

Our ancient minsters were none of them built to stand alone. A great church, whether secular or monastic, was only part of a whole. It always had other buildings, adjoining or standing near to it, grouping with it and thereby increasing its effect. Gateways, refectories, Bishops' palaces, prebendal houses, whenever they retain their ancient character, group with the church, and improve its effect. Among these subordinate buildings a subordinate church is often found, and it always helps to set off its mightier neighbour to greater advantage. Saint Margaret's, for the reasons which we have given, is more important and needful for this purpose than the subordinate church anywhere else. It is an essential part of the group, which it would be the ruin of the whole effect of the Abbey to take away. There was in the last century one James Wyatt, whose name lives enshrined in the

scathing satire of Pugin. He called himself an architect, but he is now remembered, not for anything, good or bad, that he built, but only for what he destroyed. He too had a notion of isolating great churches and making them better seen. To that end he loved to destroy what the original builders had built to add fresh dignity to their works. The man who lays a finger on Saint Margaret's at Westminster, for any purpose but that of necessary and legitimate improvement, will win for himself a fame like that of Wyatt. His name will go down to posterity along with that of the destroyer of the campanile of Salisbury, the would-be destroyer of the Galilee and the chapter-house of Durham.

HENLEY REGATTA.

IF any philosopher attended the regatta at Henley last week—though perhaps we ought to apologize for the hypothesis—he might have found many topics for reflection. That a large number of persons should have seized upon any pretext to come together in one of the loveliest reaches of the lovely Thames scenery is not indeed surprising; considering the beauty of the weather, and the pleasure of looking at cool deep water and green meadows after months of London dust, it is only remarkable that more cockneys did not come out for a holiday. Our philosopher would rather have pondered upon the old problem, why it should be that pleasure should be so closely associated in the minds of English youth, not merely with physical labour, but with much vexation of spirit. Rowing races, besides being very hard work and not altogether free from danger, means in most cases a series of vexatious disappointments. To train a crew through weeks of summer weather is to keep eight men in a constant state of nervous ill-temper, and deprivation of all amusements, and very likely to have for all reward an ignominious defeat. However, it is a fact well enough understood, though perhaps not explained, that the intense excitement and absorption of all energy upon one desperate contest is somehow its own sufficient reward. The school of muscular Christians has preached its sermons, and undergone its mild persecution of ridicule, and has pretty well cooled down to its normal state. It has for the most part dropped its theory, but retained its practice. It has ceased to urge the questionable doctrine that physical excellence should be reckoned amongst the Christian graces, and that a good oarsman necessarily conforms to the highest type of civilized mankind. But the pursuit of athletic distinction is carried on with steadily increasing ardour. Every year it seems that our young men attach a higher value to the prizes won on the cricket-field or the river. If muscular Christianity is a decaying creed, muscularity pure and simple appears to be more than ever in the ascendant. Without endeavouring at present to account for this singular phenomenon, we may be content to say that it is impossible for any one, even for a philosopher who has flesh and blood as well as brains, not to be carried away for a moment by the enthusiasm of Henley. If he has ever handled an oar, he will be in danger for the time of losing all philosophic calm. And perhaps even, in his cooler moments, he may admit that, in spite of all the extravagant nonsense that has been talked, there is really something creditable about an English boat-race. School-boys and undergraduates ought to know that the whole duty of man comprises some duties much higher than those of the athlete. Their ideal hero should display intellect, as a more necessary qualification than muscles. But we cannot deny that, if studies are to be dethroned from their rightful pre-eminence, it is as well that the competing object of ambition should be one which implies rather excess than deficiency of vital energy. If our young men are undeniably idle, they at least show a certain vigour which may be turned into worthier channels.

At any rate the spectators of the Henley regatta, whatever their calmer theories, would doubtless find reasons to justify their interest. They might fairly congratulate themselves on the growing interest in boat-racing. The number of entries was larger than ever, and even Cambridge, in spite of a long series of disasters, came up smiling, in the language of the ring, to be defeated once more. Indeed, as far as the zeal of the competitors is concerned, there is only one complaint to be made—namely, that it was rather too little restricted. In the late controversy as to the prejudicial effects of rowing on the constitution, the dispute turned chiefly on the University boat-race. The test at that race is severe enough, although we know that, with ordinary prudence, there is no reason for calling it dangerous. But at Henley the strain is really of a far severer character. At Putney the race is rowed with a long stroke in the cool season. At Henley each race is often a series of sharp bursts; the weather is often exceedingly trying, and training has been unusually severe; and after a man has rowed one race he is brought out again for it may be, two or three more severe contests. The effort which is harmless to a fresh man is incomparably greater for one who is already tired; we have constantly seen races at Henley in which the question has been simply which crew would first be utterly exhausted. On the present occasion Eton very pluckily succeeded in winning a second race, after losing the first, but other crews were knocked out of all shape by previous efforts. Nothing is more painful than to see a tired crew trying to screw out the last remnant of their strength to meet fresh antagonists. It would take away very little from the interest of the regatta if the number of races in which a man

might row were restricted, and it would certainly remove a great scandal upon athletic sports.

Putting this aside, a want of a different kind was perceptible to the old frequenters of the regatta. The rowing indeed was, on the whole, up to the average. London were an improvement upon late years, and the Eton boys covered themselves with glory. In whatever other matters native cynics and foreign observers may discover some shortcomings in our great school, they will at least find it very hard to match it on the water. And yet, at the risk of being taken for weak-minded admirers of the past, we must confess that there was something to our taste rather inferior to the older days of the regatta. The oarsmen, like the actors, of former times become surrounded with a poetical halo. Gentlemen of a certain standing will of course hold that no boat has ever come up to the glories of the historic seven-oar, others will dwell upon the heroes who beat Cambridge by 18 inches, and others again will refer to the mighty deeds of a Playford and a Casamajor; while the rising generation will, equally of course, sneer at their elders, and believe in the unrivalled excellence of the oarsmen of the present. But we would not insist so much on the fact that there was no great light of unapproachable excellence, no one to make an era and become a peg on which to hang traditional legends, as that there was a certain want of dramatic interest. Some ten years ago, when Oxford and Cambridge sent University crews and met with a worthy rival in the London Rowing Club, Henley might be considered as a court of appeal from the Putney boat-race. The University had not established its claims till it had shown that it could beat its rival at London, and meet the world at large at Henley. It is now some years since either University has thought it worth while to attend the regatta; and on the present occasion the College crews supplied the place very indifferently. Oxford was certainly not up to the mark, and the First Trinity, though rowing with indisputable courage, were at best but a melancholy sight to those who remembered the admirable crew of which Mr. Roysds was stroke. At that time the First Trinity won, if we remember rightly, nearly every race at the regatta. Now, they only proved that the Cambridge style is so bad as to counterbalance most undeniable strength and pluck. And thus the interest which used to surround the race for the Grand Challenge Cup has suffered a marked diminution, though the general competition at the regatta has increased. If men of the calibre of Mr. Disraeli and Mr. Gladstone were ousted from Parliament, we should care comparatively little for a struggle for the leadership between fifth-rate statesmen, however eager they might be for the post.

One cause of this falling off is painfully obvious. As Cambridge rowing has declined, the whole rowing interest has suffered with it. When there are few competitors of undoubted merit, those who are left fall off in their zeal. A Cambridge University crew naturally avoids a contest where it would be certain of defeat at the hands of Eton boys. The ignominy of losing, as they would almost certainly lose, is too great to be counterbalanced by the desire of glory. Of course Oxford does not care to risk its reputation against inferior rivals; and thus the London Rowing Club is left almost alone in its glory. The most efficient remedy would be an improvement in the Cambridge style, and every one must wish that a reformation so long promised and so constantly deferred may at last be seriously undertaken. We are therefore very glad to see that a serious effort is being made to remove at least one obstacle to improvement. To look at the Thames at Henley, and to compare it with the wretched rivulet called by courtesy a river at Cambridge, is enough to account for much. The Cam was never much better than a canal, and it is rapidly sinking to the level of a drain. As it is left entirely to its own devices, it may be interesting to geologists, as a specimen of the process by which a river is silted up. They may study the deposition of huge banks of unsavoury matter, and the growth of slimy weeds, retaining specimens of the existing fauna of the country for the benefit of some future generation. But fluvial deposits, though interesting after a few millions of years, are at present singularly inconvenient. At Cambridge the boats have to be forced through unctuous water, which almost sticks to the oars, through beds of intricate weeds, and across shallows where the bottom of the boat almost scrapes the ground. It is inevitable that under such circumstances, every fault that a rowing man can commit is unnaturally stimulated. To force a boat through a glutinous and shallow fluid requires a totally different style of rowing from that which is required on deep buoyant water. The short jerking strokes of a Cambridge crew speak as plainly of the unhealthy ditches upon which they have been practised as the web-feet, supposed by local prejudice to be characteristic of the fen men, indicated the nature of their dwelling-places. It is, therefore, to be hoped, as indeed it seems to be probable, that the scheme of deepening and widening the Cam will be effectually carried out. The expense is not exorbitant, and the advantage is undeniable to any one who has tried the experiment of rowing on the two waters.

It is true indeed, and must not be forgotten, that the decline in Cambridge rowing was not primarily caused by the decay of the river. The falling off was sudden and complete, and the Cam was a detestable piece of water even at the time when Cambridge was meeting Oxford on equal terms. It is also true indeed that it is far more difficult to recover the genuine tradition under the unfavourable circumstances which now exist. Every improvement in the art of boatbuilding has made the need of a lively style and the abandonment of digging, jerking, and similar faults more necessary; the errors to which the Cam is naturally pro-

picious are more fatal than was formerly the case. And from this it follows that an improvement in the Cam is more distinctly desirable than ever. Only that improvement will not be enough; as, indeed, at the best the Cam cannot be made into more than a respectable canal. But when everything has been done that can be done in the way of engineering, it will then be necessary for the Cambridge youth to set about teaching themselves more systematically and intelligently.

PICTURES OF THE YEAR.

IX.

WHEN foreign critics come to England and look at our Exhibitions, they are unanimous in condemning our painting on the ground of quality as art. They admit the wit and intelligence of our artists, and they respect their industry and resolution, but they say that the English never do first-rate work as painting; and we know that English pictures are not admitted in the permanent Continental galleries, though they are received by courtesy in the Exhibitions. This opinion, which is universal on the Continent, is near enough to the truth to be worth the consideration of candid and well-informed people; the only error in it is that it is too absolute. It is like another opinion held about us, that the English are not capable of sustaining an easy and interesting conversation. It is true that good general conversation, in which all present perform their appropriate parts in a genial and unconstrained manner and with due regard to proportion, is exceedingly rare in England, and in many important sections of society utterly unknown; but it is also true that there are many houses in London, and a few in the country, where you may be quite sure of good conversation every time you go there, because in these houses the art is loved and cultivated for itself, and all who meet there are proficient. So in painting, the great body of our artists cannot, in any high and severe sense, paint at all; but we have a few who can paint, and who would be recognised as brethren by the most accomplished of the elder masters. The general impression derived from a hasty glance round the walls of the Academy—and foreign critics who come to London for ten days have seldom time for much more than hasty glances and general impressions—is that we have no painters; and they do not take the trouble to correct this idea, but carry it back with them to France and Germany in its first crude shape. The notion is partly due to some of the elder Academicians. A foreigner sees some unusually bad picture, and, on looking in the catalogue, discovers that it has been painted by an R.A., on which he concludes that such things, of which we know the entire insignificance, are looked up to by us with reverence, and are the best things we have to show. For instance, imagine a foreigner in the east room of the present Exhibition. He sees, as he passes along the line, Mr. Sidney Cooper's "Rock Grazing, East Cumberland," Mr. Charles Landseer's "Rustic Gallantry," Mr. Cope's "Life's Story," Sir Francis Grant's "Duke of Cambridge at the battle of the Alma," Millais's "Rosalind and Celia," Mr. Lee's "River Taw and North Devon Railway," Sir Edwin Landseer's "Rent Day in the Wilderness," Mr. Abraham Cooper's "Adventure of the Capture of Mambrino's Helmet." All these are pictures by Academicians, and all contain work which we know to be more or less glaringly defective, but which need not hinder the progress of the national art, and is scarcely to be taken as evidence of its actual condition. There is quite as bad painting in the present Salon, and as much of it in proportion to the larger number of works exhibited; and if our Academicians often paint badly, it is at least equally surprising how many of the worst French artists receive medals, and even in some instances the cross of the Legion of Honour. The impression that art is declining is naturally a very common one, even at times when it positively advances, and this impression is often due to an advance in the culture of critics and spectators. Modern art appeals for the most part to the tastes of the vulgar public, and as a critic slowly emerges from that public himself, and enters into the small class who love only what is truly good, it seems to him that art is declining, as it seems to us that the sun is setting because we are moving eastwards. How divine were the Academy Exhibitions in our inexperienced youth! then the only difficulty was to find time to enjoy the great annual feast to which we brought the best of appetites and the least fastidious of palates. And does not the recollection of those past pleasures seem to us better than the dull present?

Mr. Sidney Cooper's "Descending from the Rock Grazing, East Cumberland," has qualities enough to make the popularity of the artist perfectly intelligible, and the defects of it are purely artistic defects. It has plenty of life and motion. Great numbers of sheep are coming from the distance down to the immediate foreground, and they are all represented with full knowledge of structure and movement. The scenery, too, is painted with great freshness and directness, and we can easily understand that the picture may seem to many spectators an exceedingly lively and pleasant one. To our taste its merits are in a great measure neutralized by Mr. Cooper's habitual hardness and thinness and dryness of manner, and his indifference to the necessities of artistic synthesis. A greater master would have sketched the more distant sheep, and the figure of the man, with greater suggestiveness and comprehensiveness, whilst his relations of tone over the whole work would have given it more power as a study of light and shade. These are

the common faults of English painters of the elder generation; for instance, take Mr. Ansdell's "Rescue from the Coming Storm." Some Highlanders are dragging sheep across a stream, in wild menacing weather, that covers a broad Highland valley, the distant hills obscured by rain. Without entering into minute criticism, we may observe that as a picture the work is in a great measure ruined by a general scattering of interest and effect. It grievously needs concentration, and it may be noticed that, as in most art of this class, whilst so little attention has been given (or, if given, with such weak result) to the large arrangement of the subject, the artist has been exceedingly careful in such matters of minor detail as the common spectator looks for—in the painting of sheep's horns and wool. The landscape is not good, and this, in a painter of animals, is a serious deficiency. A landscape background in an animal picture does not need obtrusive finish; it must always be in some measure sacrificed to the living group. Nevertheless, it may be, and ought to be, intelligently and comprehensively sketched. Mr. Ansdell's other picture, "The Herd Lassie, Peace and Plenty," is a very perfect specimen of the sort of art which suits the vulgar buyer, and we have no doubt that pictures of this class must command a ready and remunerative sale. A strong fine lass, with a healthy and impudent face, and a corn sheaf under each arm, is coming straight to the spectator from a Highland cottage, whilst some sheep and lambs are attracted by the prospect of a feed. It is difficult to see what artistic purpose can be fulfilled by a picture of this kind, for the whole temper in which such things are conceived and executed, though healthy and blameless enough, is so distinct from the high artistic temper as to be incompatible with it, and even opposed to it. Of course, fine country lasses, with no particular intellectual development, may be just as good subjects for art as any other examples of vigorous animal existence, and it is not so much the subject which is opposed to artistic treatment, as the mental point of view from which the artist has thought about it. A similar criticism applies to Mr. Charles Landseer's "Rustic Gallantry." In an English farmyard, of a very unpicturesque description, a man in a smock is putting a milkpail on a young woman's head. The subject is not in itself objectionable, and it is pleasing to know that English rustics are so polite and attentive, but we regret that Mr. Charles Landseer should have exhibited a picture of such low quality as art. It is neither well-drawn nor well-painted, but detailed criticism is in this instance unnecessary, as the picture has been universally condemned. Mr. Cope has illustrated that exceedingly novel subject, Othello telling the story of his life, under the title "The Life's Story." It is one of those contrasts of lamplight with moonlight which have been so often attempted, and so rarely with success. There is a good deal of glitter in the picture, which was intended to produce an effect of splendour, but the result has been rather theatrical than pictorial, and there is no new or interesting interpretation of the characters. This is precisely one of those pictures which can be supplied *ad libitum* by artists of experience in their business, and it is hard upon us to have to notice works that suggest nothing but the old routine of picture manufacture.

Mr. MacIse exhibits a picture illustrating the "Eve of St. Agnes," showing no evidence of decline, nor any of improvement. Most painters become synthetic as they advance in life, but MacIse still sees objects separately and analytically. So strong is this acquired habit of painting every detail with the sharpest possible definition, that he even paints details so when in nature they would be scarcely visible, or visible only as a hint and suggestion of things more to be imagined than distinguished. We are not aware whether Mr. MacIse holds any theory on this subject—perhaps his way of painting is a mere habit, independent of theoretical conviction; but it can be critically defensible only on the supposition that pictorial representation is to be held free from the laws which govern ordinary vision. It is quite impossible, in any real moon-lighted chamber, to see things as we see them in this picture, where even such minute details as the purring on a guitar are given as distinctly as in broad daylight. In nature, under such circumstances, parts of objects often come out quite sharply, but besides this occasional sharpness, there is mystery, and mystery of all degrees. Another striking fault in Mr. MacIse's picture is that the lighting is so false. The coloured glass window has not any one of the possible effects of a real stained window, but most resembles the patterns for windows which we find in books on the subject. Readers will no doubt remember the picture by Mr. Millais of the same subject, which, with all its faults, was remarkable for the brilliant truth of moonlight on the dress. The comparison, on this point at least, is not favourable to MacIse.

Mr. Pettie's contributions this year are of smaller dimensions than usual, but full of wit and intelligence, and of executive ability. There is not a more perfect picture of its kind in the whole Academy than Mr. Pettie's "Pax Vobiscum." A very fat monk, who has just enjoyed a comfortable meal, perceives a mouse that has ventured near him in search of crumbs. The instinct of most people when they see a mouse is to kill it if they can, and, if they are not sharp enough for that, to frighten it out of human society. This good monk of Mr. Pettie, having eaten a hearty meal himself, does not begrudge the poor mouse the few crumbs that have fallen from his table, but lifts his two fingers in the attitude of benediction, and says, "Peace be with you." The picture is not only very charming from the originality and kindliness of the thought, but it is powerfully and brilliantly painted,

and proves a full appreciation of the values of local colour. The play of expression in the face and attitude of the monk is full of keen and delicate invention. The other picture by Mr. Pettie, "Tussle with a Highland Smuggler," is a splendid bit of vigorous action. It is a struggle between a coastguard and a smuggler, in which the contrast between two very different types of humanity is made as evident as possible. The coastguard is a powerful but heavy man, whose success in a contest of this kind must evidently depend more upon strength than upon activity, and besides this peculiarity of physical organization, the guard has in his dress an impediment to athletic exercise of any very violent kind. He is much overclothed with his great-coat, cravat, &c., whilst his opponent is half-naked, having bare arms and bare legs, with nothing but a kilt round his loins and a sort of loose continuation of the kilt on his breast and back. The points of interest in the picture are the indescribably active, cat-like spring of the smuggler, and the firmly resolute expression of the guard—resolute, yet apprehensive, for the smuggler has a dirk in his right hand which is only prevented from sheathing itself in the body of his enemy by the fact that, luckily for himself, the said enemy has for the present a firm grip of the owner's wrist. The guard has pistols in his pockets, but cannot get at them, being too much occupied in keeping that dirk at a safe distance. As a piece of action and expression the picture has few rivals, and it proves the possession of gifts which may in the future be of the greatest use to their owner in works of much more importance.

LA GRANDE DUCHESSE.

SIR JOHN BRUTE, a worthy knight well known to the players of the Garrick period, when Vanbrugh's *Provoked Wife* still kept possession of the stage, had an easy and convenient standard whereby to judge specimens of lyrical art. "I would not give a fig for a song that is not full of sin and impudence." So said good Sir John, applying his standard approvingly to a ditty which had just been sung by his friend Lord Rake, and which wound up with the burden, "In peace I jog on to the devil." This was the original song of the piece, and it will be found in the collected edition of Vanbrugh's works; but some acute critic seems afterwards to have discovered that it scarcely came up to the high encomium which had been passed upon it. Lord Rake indeed braved all edicts, divine and human, when he sang,

When my head's full of wine
I overflow with design,
And know no penal laws that can curb me;
Whate'er I devise
Seems good in my eyes,
And religion ne'er dares to disturb me.

But though his vaunts were sinful enough in all conscience, they could scarcely be termed impudent in that popular sense of the adjective according to which it is a euphemism for a dissyllable of disreputable origin. Accordingly, in later editions of the *Provoked Wife* we find, in lieu of the old profane lay, another song so grossly indecent that, were it a new production, it could scarcely be printed nowadays without risk of a visit from the representatives of the Society for the Suppression of Vice. The facts we have just recorded furnish a powerful answer to the often asserted theory that criticism is without practical effect on literature. The lyrics of Lord Rake were found wanting when weighed in the balance proposed in the poetics of Sir John, and were altered accordingly.

There have been times when the knight's clearly expressed canon threatened to become obsolete. The verses that were sung at Vauxhall towards the end of the last century, and which, though of unmistakably Southern growth, recorded in a quasi-Scottish dialect the loves and squabbles of Jockie and Jeannie, were saucy at best, but never impudent. Something similar may be said of the vast quantity of popular songs that cropped up during the reign of George IV., and afforded ample opportunities for the display of a certain archness proper to some of the best female vocalists of the period. Nay, at the present day, the restrictions laid by prudent mammas on the poetry sung by young ladies at the piano are so severe that love, save when it takes a perfectly harmless domestic tone, is regarded with avowed disfavour by publishers of music, cognizant of the powers by which their market is ruled. The little lyrical coquetries which would have been quite according to order forty years since would now be deemed far too demonstrative. Nevertheless, if we have any doubt that the principle of lyrical excellence laid down by Sir John Brute is widely maintained even now, we have only to cast our eyes to those places of public recreation where tastes of all kinds are gratified under the one comprehensive category of a taste for music. When our fathers flourished, songs were indeed chanted at a late hour, at the Coal-holes and Cider-cellars of the time, more beastly than anything that would be tolerated at the present day; but then it was understood that these were intended for the exclusive recreation of men of loose habits, and of the mob of greenhorns who waste their hours and health in "seeing life." To this generation in particular belongs that mass of sin and impudence nightly yelled forth at the music-halls, in the presence of persons of both sexes, including women not necessarily belonging to an abandoned class. To this generation in particular belong the vocal Lizzies, Minnies, and Nellies who seem to claim a familiarity with their hearers, and

allow their portraits, radiant with immodesty, to be placarded against the walls. To this generation in particular belongs the race of quasi-male-female acrobats, who by an occasional accident gratify that latent feeling of cruelty which is so often the concomitant of licentiousness. To this generation in particular belongs the exalted patronage ostentatiously bestowed on such a work as M. Offenbach's operatic extravaganza, *La Grande Duchesse de Gérolstein*.

There is no doubt that at the bottom of the importance attached to the works of this now celebrated composer lies a strong taste for what may be mildly called the improper among the higher classes of English society. When M. Offenbach was first emerging from obscurity on the strength of the small and slight works which he composed for the newly opened Bouffes Parisiens, the whisper went abroad that in the Champs Elysées an odd but extremely pretty little theatre had sprung up, at which pieces were performed most delightful to see and hear, but scarcely decorous enough for the English taste. The same pieces were transferred to London, and brought out at the St. James's Theatre; but they attained no great success, and it was understood that what one liked to witness in Paris, where John Bull is supposed to be out "on the loose," one did not care to behold in London. As, however, M. Offenbach expanded from a composer of operetta into a composer of what, from its dimensions at any rate, seemed entitled to be called opera, and the field of his labours was no longer the upstart Bouffes, but the time-honoured Variétés, people began to name him with respect as a musical genius whose solid worth, veiled under a gauze of frivolity, had been underrated; and a smile of grave approval was substituted for a knowing chuckle or a significant nudge in the ribs. *La Belle Hélène* was pronounced a great work when properly interpreted, and greater still was *La Grande Duchesse de Gérolstein*. Great also was Madlle. Schneider, whose name, by her excellent performance in both of those works, had become intimately associated with the music of the age.

As the fame of M. Offenbach increased, an opinion was diffused that London was in a humiliated condition. The two great lyrical works had been seen in every European capital, and the "Grand Duchess" had even found her way to New York, where, represented by Madlle. Tostie, the *prima donna* of M. Offenbach's earlier works, she was received with great delight, talking as she did in her original language. In London, indeed, English imitations of the French *chefs d'œuvre* were produced, but these were so exceedingly unprovocative of mirth, or even of cheerfulness, that people who had gone through a course of the dreary pleasantry could only marvel to hear that what seemed singularly dull on this side of the Channel was considered especially droll on the other. Their faith in M. Offenbach would probably have broken down altogether had there not been travelled friends at hand to declare how much better things were managed in France, and how the tedious burlesques which bore the title of Offenbach's books were only base copies of a genuine article. London, indeed, was the sole capital at which Offenbach had not been represented properly, and on that account might be considered a degree lower in civilization than other towns. Nevertheless, while the intellectual darkness of London was commiserated, a compliment was paid to its moral susceptibility. The old nudges and chuckles were revived, and the conjecture was hazarded that perhaps, after all, the musical dramas that find favour at the Variétés might be a trifle too free for genuine Britons. That we were averse to the illicit *liaison* as an expedient for creating a serious interest was an hypothesis too well grounded to admit of suspicion, and it was a fair inference that we should be equally nice in the article of funny improprieties.

As the establishment of the Divorce Court fearfully shook the belief in the domestic virtues, previously deemed unsullied, of the middle classes, so has the summer season, now closing, terribly enlightened us as to the fastidiousness of our "Upper Ten" in the matter of public amusements. So slightly is the illicit *liaison* repugnant to the London patrons of French drama, that *Nos Intimes*, the most risky piece on the list presented by M. Felix, afforded greater satisfaction than any other work, leaving the world to wonder why an embargo had been laid on *Paul Forestier*. The dramatic portion of his season being at an end, M. Felix fills up his term by engaging Madlle. Schneider and bringing out *La Grande Duchesse*, arousing admiration by the magnitude of his spirit and of his prices of admission. His success has been brilliant. Not only was his theatre crowded on the first night sacred to Offenbach, but the list of visitors published in the papers looked like a compressed edition of the Gotha Almanac, enriched with excerpts from the Peerage. As for Madlle. Schneider, she no sooner showed her face than she was received with an enthusiasm that could not have been exceeded had a welcome to a popular sovereign newly returned from exile been the business of the occasion.

That people should be amused at the performance of *La Grande Duchesse* at the St. James's Theatre is natural enough. A subject dreadfully intelligible to the meanest adult intellect is treated with much ingenuity by the play-writer; odd figures are exhibited to the public, comic situations are brought about without any restraint caused by considerations of probability, the whole is made a vehicle for music of a taking kind, and nearly every part is well-sustained—the celebrated actress, Madlle. Schneider, having been declared by the voice of Europe to be pre-eminent in the character of the Duchess. The question is, whether this is the sort of work that ought to command a general outburst of aristocratic enthusiasm, in an age when an

affectation of indifference seems to be the order of the day; whether the state of the lyrical drama which arises when the theatre most approximates to the music-hall is that which ought above all others to arouse high society from its habitual torpor.

There is, in fact, no difference between the feeling addressed years ago by the musical pieces brought out at the Bouffes, and that to which the so-called operas of the Variétés now make appeal. People will not go so far as honest Sir John Brute in professing a love for such shocking things as sin and impudence, but that a certain satisfaction at "naughtiness" is a prevailing sentiment among modern audiences of every age and both sexes is not to be doubted. Had the book of *La Grande Duchesse* been of a purely innocuous character, M. Offenbach might have worn out all the lungs and all the fiddle-strings in Christendom before his creations would have excited an iota more of enthusiasm than is produced by the ordinary entertainments in which music and extravagant drama are combined. But the story of the "Grand Duchess" is essentially naughty; the fair potentate herself is decidedly a naughty girl. She is naughty when, being a hereditary sovereign, she picks out of the ranks a strapping private, merely because, as Thackeray says of Tom Jones and his kind, he has large calves, and raises him to distinction, gloating all the while on his senseless face with the most searching expression of delight. She is naughtier still when she summons the dolt to a *tête-à-tête*, seats him on a low stool by her side, caresses him with her dainty hands, and, though she refrains from a verbal avowal of love, avows her passion by actions more expressive than words could possibly be. Indeed, whether she appears in public at the head of her army, or whether she makes one at a party of two in her boudoir, the Grand Duchess is the incarnation of every quality that distinguishes the damsel of ill-regulated mind. What is most extraordinary, the offences she commits, and at which "society" is disposed to applaud so heartily, are just of that sort of which the same "society" most violently disapproves. Many a man who would contemplate without much emotion the progress of an intrigue between a lax gentleman and a married lady would shrink with horror from any manifestation of a love affair between a high-born lady and a private soldier. Not only morality, but the feeling for caste which keeps so many *roués* in order, is offended, unless we regard *La Grande Duchesse* as no more than a comic pantomime, and deem the lady's offences against the laws of female propriety as unreal as those of the clown against the laws of *meum and tuum*.

In the fact that *La Grande Duchesse*, ably executed, is successful, there is nothing extraordinary. The sort of success that attends it is an evil sign of the times.

REVIEWS.

THE SPANISH GIPSY.*

IT is natural that great intellectual power should seek to transcend the limits within which it has been most advantageously displayed. Having surpassed nearly all competitors in the fictitious representation of homely English life, George Eliot some years since exhibited an extraordinary facility of acquisition and considerable versatility of imagination in surrounding an elaborate psychological study with the local colouring of Florentine life in the fifteenth century. Difficult athletic feats are astonishing, but the simplest are the most graceful. In writing *Romola*, the first humourist of all past or present authoresses left her gift of humour behind her. The lively chatter of the facetious Italian barber scarcely provokes a smile from readers who are accustomed to find keen enjoyment in the sententious wisdom of Mrs. Poyser and in the alehouse gossip of Silas Marner's neighbours. Aristophanes could probably have written very good tragedies, but as a rival of Euripides he would no longer have been Aristophanes. George Eliot has now aspired to the supreme eminence which is only reached by poets, and once more rare vigour of intellect, aided by cultivated taste, has enabled her to attain the only success which was possible. Careful analysis of character in its relation to surrounding circumstances is combined with fine description of external objects, and with eloquent metrical declamation. In a poem of nine thousand lines there are few careless verses, and scarcely a single passage can be justly called prosaic. It is surprising that a woman should be capable of so sustained an effort, but the consciousness of incessant exertion is fatal to repose. Criticism of art is in its most decisive judgments necessarily dogmatic, and the primary and ultimate test of the claim to rank as a poet is the capacity of satisfying a skilled and competent ear. Some poets have published volumes of trash, rarely interspersed with a musical line or stanza, but if they have once satisfied the indispensable condition, they become members, however humble and unworthy, of the sacred band. George Eliot's verse occupies a lofty table-land, but in all the region there is not a peak which pierces the clouds. As a composition, the *Spanish Gipsy* is greatly superior to *Aurora Leigh*; but Mrs. Browning, though she failed, as might have been expected, in the attempt to write a great poem, was born a poetess. If the larger and more masculine nature of George Eliot had shared the same mysterious quality,

* *The Spanish Gipsy. A Poem.* By George Eliot. London: William Blackwood & Sons. 1868.

she might perhaps almost have confuted the inference drawn from the experience of ages, that the highest sphere of poetry is inaccessible to women. The more universal maxim that a poet cannot be made is confirmed by the partial failure in verse of a great writer of imaginative prose.

Within her own domain George Eliot has not been remarkably felicitous in her construction of a story, but in the artificial fabric of the *Spanish Gipsy* she has seldom been tempted to wander from her original plan. Subordinate characters indeed are introduced for the purpose of filling the stage, to be dismissed and forgotten as soon as they have served their immediate purpose. A juggler with his monkey, a singing boy, and a publican are elaborately described, and a Jewish astrologer propounds philanthropic and philosophic doctrines; but the plot is in no degree affected by their presence, and in themselves they are conventional and uninteresting. It is not improbable that some of the conversation of the minor characters may have been intended to produce a comic effect; but a prattling Spanish host, and a silversmith who is always recurring to the subject of plate, require the grimaces of the stage to make their commonplaces laughable. The point of their discourse consists in constant and involuntary recurrence to heretical hatred of the Inquisition; and the persecution of Jews and Moors is too remote from modern associations to be the subject-matter of a standing joke. The more ambitious character of a minstrel or troubadour of no definite rank or fixed occupation is still more unreal. It is impossible to believe in a light-hearted, deeply-enamoured, vagabond gentleman with a lute, who is always ready with a new sentimental ballad to suit the particular occasion. There were probably no such Spaniards in the time of Ferdinand and Isabella, and there are certainly no such persons in any country now.

The main story is designed, like the characters of Titó and Savonarola in *Romola*, to illustrate a definite theory. A determined heroine and an extraordinarily weak hero in turn prefer the associations of race and blood to the indulgence of their mutual passion. Fedalma, a gipsy foundling brought up as a Spanish lady, might have been expected to prefer her lover to her father and his clan; but it is almost incredible that a Spanish noble, in the midst of the Moorish war, should abandon his duty and his rank to become, for love, a gipsy outlaw. Duke Silva of Bedmar is hurrying on his marriage with Fedalma, to anticipate the danger of her seizure by the Inquisition, when the captive gipsy chief, her father, reveals to her her birth, and in a single interview persuades her to set her kindred prisoners free, and to accompany their flight. The duke follows her to the distant encampment where Zarca, the gipsy leader, is preparing an attack on the fortress of Bedmar; and without scruple or inquiry the proud grandee swears allegiance to the chief who hopes, as the Moses or Mahomet of his race, to found a gipsy kingdom in Africa. The fortress is surprised, but Silva stabs Zarca in revenge for the execution of his uncle and persecutor, the Dominican Inquisitor. Fedalma afterwards leads a portion of the tribe to Africa, and Silva goes on pilgrimage to Rome. No genius can make so unreal and remote a story interesting, nor indeed have the greatest poets ever cast themselves loose from recognised history or mythology. It is true that the Moorish wars are historical, but the conflict of feelings and duties which forms the theme of the *Spanish Gipsy* belongs wholly to a modern and reflective age. Although Fedalma is supposed to rebel by an hereditary instinct against the religion and customs around her, her deliberate choice to abandon her lover for a vagabond life is exclusively produced by her father's moral arguments, and by her own sense of duty. It is not improbable that George Eliot may have thought of the restrictions of modern English caste. Fedalma's choice resembles Felix Holt's, though it is incomparably more painful and less natural. Her conduct would have been more credible, if not more admirable, if the irreclaimable wildness of gipsy blood had been represented as the sole cause of her flight, for to a girl reared by Spanish ladies and priests the orthodox creed would assuredly have seemed the supreme ethical rule. Self-sacrifice for the benefit of a fallen race may be consistent with the highest morality, and perhaps with the true spirit of Christianity, but in Fedalma's time the adoption of gipsy heathenism as a rule of life, even if it were contemplated as possible, would have been regarded as an unpardonable crime. The inexorable severity of Dante's judgments on the most virtuous professors of heterodoxy represents the convictions of the fifteenth century as truly as the spirit of his own earlier age. It is true that poets have always informed ancient legends with contemporary thought and feeling; but the sceptical accuracy of modern readers becomes daily less tolerant of anachronism, and George Eliot's elaborate study of local and antiquarian colour deters her from the use of a license which was naturally assumed by Tasso or by Shakespeare. The heroic choice of Fedalma, however inconsistent with probability, is less startling than the contemptible apostasy of Silva. His character, as it is displayed in his actions, scarcely corresponds with the catalogue of qualities and defects which accompanies his first appearance on the stage:—

A man of high-wrought strain, fastidious
In his acceptance, dreading all delight
That speedy dies, and turns to carrion;
His senses much exacting; deep instilled
With keen imaginations, difficult needs,
Like strong-limbed monsters studded o'er with eyes,
Their hunger checked by overwhelming vision,
Or that fierce lion in symbolic dream

Snatched from the ground by wings, and now endowed
With a man's thought-propelled relenting heart.
Silva was both the lion and the man;
First hesitating shrank, then fiercely sprang,
Or, having sprung, turned pallid at his deed,
And loosed his prize, paying his blood for nought—
A nature half transformed, with qualities
That oft bewrayed each other, elements
Not blent, but struggling, breeding strange effects,
Passing the reckoning of his friends or foes,
Haughty and generous, grave and passionate,
With tidal moments of devoutest awe,
Sinking anon to farthest ebb of doubt;
Deliberating ever, till the sting
Of a recurrent ardour made him rush
Right against reasons that himself had drilled
And marshalled painfully. A spent brand
Too proudly special for obedience,
Too subtly pondering for mastery,
Born of a goddess with a mortal sire,
Heir of flesh-fettered weak divinity,
Doom-gifted, with long resonant consciousness
And perilous heightening of the sentient soul.
But look less curiously; life itself
May not express us all, may leave the worst,
And the best too, like tunes in mechanism
Never awaked.

It would have been better to have looked less curiously than to have wasted so many fine words on a poor creature who is only remarkable for an excess of selfish weakness. If Silva and Fedalma had existed in actual life, her paradoxical flight might have been plausibly attributed to the incapacity of a feeble lover to command loving allegiance. The description of Silva's nature is not perhaps a favourable specimen of George Eliot's high-strained and figurative style. The effort to express nice distinctions by illustrative metaphors is too laborious for poetical effect, yet the subtle ingenuity of the delineation almost atones for the absence of creative unity. The profuse employment of metaphors is more objectionable in the dialogues than in the disquisitions of the writer. Fedalma and Zarca, Silva and Juan, all translate their thoughts into symbols with a copious facility which suggests a knack rather than an imaginative condition of mind. Zarca demands of his daughter

A work as pregnant as the act of men
Who set their ships adflame and spring to land.

And when Fedalma, in her answer, speaks of men "as numerous as the dim white stars", of grains that make a mountain, and of imagined flames and fires that scorch her, he replies that

Lay the young eagle in what nest you will,
The cry and swoop of eagles overhead
Vibrate prophetic in its kindred frame.

This is not the way in which resolute purpose and conflicting feeling naturally find expression. In poetry or in real life passion sometimes condenses itself into a metaphor, but no earnest discussion was ever carried on, like an amæbean pastoral, by a rapid exchange of pretty conceits. In the sudden revolution of her fate a true Fedalma would have been monosyllabic or dumb; but it must be admitted that all the other personages of the story are equally prone to fanciful garrulity. It is not Lorenzo the publican, but the ingenious poetess, who says that the minstrel

like the sun
Plays daily at fallacious alchemy,
Turns sand to gold, and dewy spider-webs
To myriad rainbows. Yet sand is sand,
And still in sober shade you see the web.

A slightly additional exaggeration of figurative language would produce the euphuism of Don Arnado, of Osric, or of Sir Piercie Shafton.

The most poetical parts of the *Spanish Gipsy* are the descriptive passages inspired by a deep appreciation of southern landscape:—

'Tis daylight still, but now the golden cross
Uplifted by the angel on the dome
Stands rayless in calm colour clear defined
Against the northern blue; from turrets high
The fitting splendour sinks with folded wing
Dark hid till morning, and the battlements
Wear soft relenting whiteness mellowed o'er
By summers generous and winters bland;
Now in the east the distance casts its veil
And gazes with a deepening earnestness.
The old rain-fretted mountains in their robes
Of shadow broken grey; the rounded hills
Reddened with blood of Titans, whose huge limbs
Entombed within feed full the hardy flesh
Of cactus green and blue broad sworded aloes;
The cypress soaring black above the lines
Of white court walls; the jointed sugar-canes
Pale golden, with their feathers motionless
In the warm quiet; all thought-teaching form
Utters itself in firm unshattering lines;
For the great rock has screened the westerling sun
That still on plains beyond streams vaporous gold
Among the branches.

There is much more to complete the picture, which is already too minute and accurate. The old rain-fretted mountains and the rich volcanic hills would have stood out more visibly if the writer could have forgotten for the moment the didactic tendencies which she attributes to form. When the imagination begins to amuse itself with abstract notions of outline and colour, it has almost subsided into a function of the prosaic understanding. The description, however, is impressive, and the versification is skilful,

nor are the living figures in the foreground less happily reproduced:—

Maids with arched eyebrows, delicately pencilled, dark,
Fold their round arms beneath the kerchief fall;
Men shoulder little girls, and grandames grey
But muscular still hold babies on their arms;
While mothers keep the stout legged boys in front
Against their skirts, as the Greek pictures old
Show the Chief Mother with the Boy divine;
Youths keep the places for themselves, and roll
Large lazy eyes, and call recumbent dogs
(For reasons deep below the reach of thought);
The old men cough with purpose, wish to hunt
Wisdom within that cheapens jugglery,
Maintain their neutral air, and knit their brows
In observation. None are quarrelsome,
Noisy, or very merry, for their blood
Moves slowly into fervour; they rejoice
Like those dark birds that sweep with heavy wing,
Cheering their mates with melancholy cries.

It is difficult to explain, except to those who require no explanation, why the sunset scene in *Bedmar* preserved in sonorous rhythm is worth less than the golden spot on the weaver's floor where the little child creeps along the streak of candlelight into Silas Marner's cottage; but the best prose is preferable to all but the best verse, and the pretty accessories of a touching incident are more impressive than form in its thought-leading function. The abundant matter, the eloquent language, and even the tragic interest of the *Spanish Gipsy*, would save the poem from neglect, even if it were not sustained by George Eliot's well-earned fame; but a work of art which mainly depends on the previous reputation of the artist is destined after a time to be respectfully laid aside and ultimately forgotten. For the present her laudable ambition will be gratified by the admiration of a numerous section of the literary community. An austere judge sometimes regards with a complacent toleration the correction by a sympathising jury of his own passionless interpretation of the law.

EUROPE AND THE BOURBONS UNDER LOUIS XIV.*

THIS book contains some interesting chapters of the history of Louis XIV. and his times, written from a decidedly French point of view. M. Topin tells the story of the intrigues which nearly seated a Bourbon prince on the throne of Poland, and of the negotiations which definitely established a Bourbon dynasty at Madrid. The former of these, as being the less familiar to them, will probably have the greater attractions for English readers. The conferences which ended with the Treaty of Utrecht, both as having settled a great European question, and as being originated and influenced by an English Ministry, have become a part of the history of England. The negotiations with regard to the Spanish succession down to the Peace of Nimeguen have been treated exhaustively by M. Mignet; but M. Topin takes up ground which M. Mignet has left untouched. M. Topin hints, in his preface, that his object has not been merely to make a contribution to the history of the past. He believes that his subject is pregnant with lessons for the present. He learns from it that the temporal power of the Popes is beneficial, if not necessary, to Europe; that the character of a nation's institutions is all important to its welfare; and that the balance of power in Europe is by no means an antiquated theory of the past, but a reality which is never to be disturbed with impunity. Moreover, taking for his text the errors into which irresponsible absolutism betrayed the great King, he insinuates a homily to the politicians of the Second Empire, and a warning against the dangers inseparable from personal government. Having included this in his programme, and his work appearing in Paris, it may be imagined that he does not venture to philosophize too practically, or to condescend to parallels in particular instances as he goes along. On the contrary, he confines himself to a simple narrative pleasantly told, from which, generally speaking, he leaves his readers to draw their own deductions. His original design limited itself to doing justice to the talents and services of the Cardinal de Polignac, a diplomatist who, although he deservedly gained no little credit in his day, has, as M. Topin thinks, been unfairly forgotten by posterity. M. Topin, fascinated apparently by his subject, was tempted to extend his scheme, and to embrace in it a series of events in only some of which M. de Polignac played a part. It is a history consequently, and not a biography, which he has written. Indeed, from what he tells us of M. de Polignac, it does not appear that, with all his gifts, he was of the stature to stand out as the central figure in a drama which brought upon the scene all the prominent men of the day. He seems to have been clever and crafty, rather than able and far-seeing. In many points he reminds one of a feeble Talleyrand. He appears to have been gifted with the same *savoir-vivre* and *savoir-faire*, the same fascination of manner and the same imperturbability, and in some degree with the same reserve of impressive dignity which he could fall back upon on occasion. Polignac at Warsaw, representing a country which his predecessor had made unpopular in Poland, took notwithstanding a commanding position at once, by a happy exercise of the same baseless audacity which served Talleyrand, the envoy of a conquered kingdom, at the Congress of Vienna. Alexander VIII. said of him, "Il ne me

contredit jamais, il paraît toujours de mon avis, et je ne sais comment, pour l'ordinaire, il m'entraîne dans le sien," and Louis XIV. observed, "Je viens de causer avec un homme et un jeune homme, qui me toujours contredit, sans que j'aie pu me fâcher un seul moment." It was high praise from Louis, who believed in his own opinion more firmly if possible than his courtiers pretended to do, and who was an excellent judge of character. Polignac seems to have had an instinct of knowing how far he could venture upon remonstrance, without appearing to push principle to the length of obstinacy. He threw all scruples overboard. If he had a conscience at all, it was a French and not a European one, and M. Topin lets his unprincipled patriotism pass uncensured.

We have used the word "intrigues" advisedly in speaking of Polignac's proceedings as Ambassador to Poland. When he was sent to Warsaw, John Sobieski still filled the throne, but the old hero was the mere wreck of his former self. Although the monarchy was nominally elective, it had become practically hereditary in the lines, first, of the Piasts, and then of the Jagellons. The exploits and services which gained Sobieski the suffrages of the electors ought to have raised him above their jealousies, and might have reasonably justified him in pretending to found a new dynasty. He showed himself, however, as weak and vacillating in council as he had been bold and enterprising in the field. He took no decided step in favour of his son. The object of Polignac's mission was to gain Poland for the Bourbons, in view of their approaching struggle with the House of Austria, and to secure the reversion of the throne for Louis's candidate, the Prince of Conti. On his arrival at Warsaw, Polignac's flexibility of character found ample field for its exercise. He became all things to all men, set himself to conciliate the clashing parties to himself, not to each other, and to fill the part of disinterested adviser. Louis's agents were much too loyal to be scrupulous. Polignac not only gained the friendship of the old King, but also of the various members of the Royal family, whom he found at daggers' drawn with each other. His mission was no less fatal to the Sobieskis than that of Barillon to the Stuarts. He established an unbounded influence over the mind or—as scandal said—the heart of the Queen, who had been one of the loveliest women of her time, and who retained all her coquetry, spite of her fading beauty. He made use of this influence to widen the breach between her and Prince James, her eldest son, whom she already disliked, and wished to see supplanted by one of her younger ones:—

Sa tactique était toute tracée; perdre la cour de Vienne dans l'esprit de la reine, se donner auprès des grands le mérite d'avoir fait abandonner une politique impopulaire, et laisser le prince Jacques, fils aîné de Sobieski, surtout le rival le plus sérieux du prince de Conti, continuer à s'aliéner le cœur des Polonais en ne dissimulant pas ses sympathies pour l'empereur d'Allemagne.

Sobieski dead, his Queen threw herself eagerly upon his treasures. She refused even to spare the Crown of Poland to the corpse of her husband as it lay in state, and they had to place on the hero's head the more appropriate covering of a soldier's casque. Before the funeral her sons were exchanging, with her and with each other, accusations, calumnies, and even cannon shots. Polignac's work began to bear its fruit; the Poles were disgusted with the family of their late monarch, and the throne was open to other competitors. For no previous vacancy had there been so many candidates. There were half a dozen of European princes, among whom we find the name of the exiled King of England; but, residing at St. Germain, James's opposition to the candidature of the real protégé of Louis could have been little more than nominal. There were, besides, nearly as many native-born Poles, but neither of the competitors between whom the election ultimately lay had as yet been brought forward. It was somewhat later, on the occasion of a meeting of Polish notables, that Polignac, departing from his affected neutrality, announced that Conti would seek their suffrages. Soon afterwards the persuasions of Przebendowski, a private gentleman, prevailed on Frederick Augustus of Saxony to let himself be put in nomination. Polignac, it must be admitted, had a difficult and delicate game to play. Conti disliked the idea of banishment to Poland as much as Henry of Valois had done. The Poles showed no enthusiasm for the candidate of France; in any case they expected to be bribed, and Polignac had little money to buy them with. Louis, too extravagant ever to have much gold to spare, was necessarily chary of it, but he sent instead abundance of promises, and Polignac was forced to eke out the one with the other. By a master-stroke, the envoy did at last place himself in funds. Having, mainly through his counsels, made the Queen and her children so unpopular with the nation as to place it beyond doubt that all chance of the succession was gone for them, he persuaded Her Majesty to send her sons to France, and at the same time to transmit her fortune thither. The four millions which were remitted to France in pursuance of this disinterested counsel were promptly returned to the diplomatic Scapin, and used by him to forward the election of Conti. The dealings of these haughty Sarmatian nobles would have done honour to the intelligence of an elector of Yarmouth or Totness. They seem to have taken bribes with equal impartiality from the election agents on both sides, and then to have voted, after all, as fancy or patriotism suggested. The vices and abuses had then grown to an intolerable height which some years earlier had drawn from King John Casimir the prediction that, if his people did not mend their ways, "Ce noble royaume deviendra la proie

* *L'Europe et les Bourbons sous Louis XIV.* Par Marius Topin. Paris: Didier et Co.

des nations." On the election day the electors assembled on the plain of Wola:—

Ce sont plus de cent mille gentilshommes à cheval et armés, groupés par palatinat, vêtus avec un luxe désordonné et barbare, quelques-uns portant sur leur personne, soit en fourrures soit en armes, toute leur fortune, tous rivalisant de somptuosité et d'opulence, tous pouvant être rois avant la fin du jour et marquant par un regard digne et hautain l'orgueil qu'ils ressentent de ce glorieux et funeste privilège.

The story of the election shows how small was the influence which either real patriotism or even foreign gold had exerted on it. The result was a matter of unreflecting impulse. During the day all was riot, noise, and confusion, swords were drawn, sabre cuts and pistol shots exchanged. Many independent electors were wounded, one was slain outright. On the first evening 220 squadrons of horse declared themselves for Conti, only 40 for the Saxon Prince. Contrary to the entreaties of Polignac, who wisely wished to strike while the iron was hot, the Primate deferred till next day the declaration of the poll. By next morning some such contagious revulsion of feeling as has often dispersed masses of Orientals in unreasoning panic had carried half of the supporters of France over to the side of Saxony. The Primate, too late, declared Conti elected. Frederick Augustus was proclaimed by his supporters, and having his troops at hand, at once occupied the capital. After some delay Conti very reluctantly sailed for Dantzic, there learned the defeat sustained by his partisans, and gladly availing himself of the pretext, went straight home again. Louis, in disgust, revenged himself on his devoted ambassador, whom he recalled and disgraced. The criticism which one is inclined to make on Polignac's diplomatic campaign is that passed by William of Orange on the conduct of Polignac's master on the death of Charles of Spain—"It is easy to deceive every one, if one keeps neither word nor faith."

Louis had failed in his designs on Poland; it would have been well for him, in the end, had he been equally unsuccessful in those on Spain. But, according to M. Topin, all that we have been accustomed to accept as history, in regard to his intriguing for the succession, is popular error. It was the intention of Louis to hold loyally by the Partition Treaty, and he only accepted for his grandson the splendid heritage of Charles when it was in a manner forced upon him. It was undoubtedly Porto-Carrero and Spanish nobles who were the actual instruments of prevailing on their King to make the will he did; but M. Topin assures us that their exertions were not prompted by French diplomacy, but were "une œuvre essentiellement nationale." After Louis's consultation with the Dauphin, Torcy, Beauvilliers, Pontchartrain, and Madame de Maintenon, he certainly remained three days without announcing his determination to accept the succession. M. Topin has come to the conclusion, on the strength of despatches placed in his hands by M. Mignet, and addressed by the King to his Ministers at foreign Courts, that this hesitation was real. We do not believe that even these pieces of evidence will incline the balance of probabilities to the new theory. Louis had an obvious object in writing in this strain, to keep up appearances. When he had just made up his mind to violate a treaty, and to set aside renunciations solemnly given and received, it seems not unfair to believe that he would scarcely stick at writing a plausible falsehood if it served his turn. We are still inclined to share the scepticism with which William received at the time the explanations of the French Ambassador. We may observe in passing that M. Topin has restored the much-quoted saying, "il n'y a plus de Pyrénées," to its true author. It was Castel dos Rios, the Spanish Minister, who said, "Les Pyrénées sont maintenant fondues, et nous ne faisons plus qu'un."

It was to his policy towards England that Louis owed his extreme abasement, and it was England's policy towards him which subsequently saved him from yet deeper humiliation. His acknowledging the son of James II. as King of England outraged the susceptibilities of all parties here, and threw England into the Coalition. The change of Ministry, when Harley and St. John drove Marlborough from power, and reversed his war policy, was Louis's salvation. M. Topin sketches at length both Bolingbroke and Marlborough. His portraits seem to us scarcely happy in their details, and that of the former especially does more than justice to its subject. No one will dispute the brilliant qualities of Bolingbroke, but we have failed to discover in him the *loyale franchise* for which M. Topin gives him credit, and which indeed few politicians of his time could boast. M. Topin does all honour to the military genius of Marlborough, while dwelling on his avarice and unprincipled political tergiversation; but he passes over unnoticed some of the heaviest accusations resting on the English general's name.

Polignac, restored to favour, figured at the Conferences of Gertruydenberg and Utrecht. M. Topin paints forcibly the strange scenes and circumstances in which the former were conducted; the lonely hut in which the great King, in the person of his envoys, had to submit to accumulated indignities. The Dutchmen might certainly have used their triumph more generously, but they found themselves in the novel position of being able to pay back a long series of sufferings and insults. Besides, as a matter of policy, they found that the greater the pressure put on Louis, the larger were the concessions he made; and at last they saw him humble himself so far as to offer to cede Alsace, and subsidize the troops who were to drive his grandson from Spain. The Dutch overreached themselves in rejecting these proposals, and the subsequent change of Ministry and policy in England altered the face of matters and led up to the Treaty of Utrecht. It is

M. Topin's opinion that it was England alone who dictated the conditions of that treaty. The results she obtained by it were, he considers, "le principe et la source de la prospérité commerciale et maritime qu'elle a atteinte depuis cette époque." The moral advantages it gave her were, as he believes, even more important, in vindicating for her her just place in the councils of Europe. M. Topin evidently looks disapprovingly on our system of non-intervention; possibly he is alive to the fact that France's position in Europe must for the future depend, more than it has hitherto done, upon her alliances. To the House of Bourbon, M. Topin says, the Treaty of Utrecht was what that of Westphalia had been to Austria:—"Aussi éloigné, dans ses stipulations, des dangereux projets de Louis XIV. que des folles visées de la coalition victorieuse, ce traité terminait cette longue lutte, comme on avait pu le projeter dans les rares moments où la sagesse avait imposé silence à la passion."

Although M. Topin is sometimes unduly influenced in his judgments by his patriotism, and seems to think that zeal for the greatness of France may cover a great deal of unscrupulous ambition and much questionable finesse, yet he is far from being a blind admirer of the machinery of her government, or a believer in the infallibility of her rulers. He dwells fondly on the working of our English institutions, and places the constitutional expression of English popular feeling, which restored peace to Europe, in favourable contrast with the absolutism of one man which had originated the war. We presume that the moral which he would draw for the benefit of the Second Empire is, that the Emperor would do well not to defer the promised crowning of the edifice, and that, in his own interest as well as that of France, he ought to place it beyond his power to indulge irresponsibly in Mexican expeditions and Roman occupations.

WRINKLES.*

ALTHOUGH we are a nation of travellers, we have but small comprehension of the art of travel. The calls of business, or the allurements of pleasure, draw us to the far corners of the earth; yet, with few exceptions, we are profoundly ignorant of the difficulties we shall have to encounter, or the necessities for which we should make provision. As Napoleon expected that roast chickens, cutlets, and coffee should be always ready at any moment of the day or night, so wherever the Briton plants his foot he expects to find mutton chops and the *Times* newspaper. The *civis Romanus sum* theory is ever uppermost in the mind of an Englishman on his travels, and foreigners, while affecting to humour the idea, are generally able to take advantage of it. We all remember Brillat-Savarin's story of his arriving at a country inn, hot and hungry, and finding nothing in the house but a leg of mutton which three Englishmen had bespoken, and were watching, as it turned before the fire, with wolfish eyes. Not a morsel could be spared for the Professor, but there were a few eggs, which he might have. Could he cook them in the juice that dropped from the mutton? By all means. Would the cook be good enough to break them with great care? He would. In the meantime the Professor walked to the fire, and slyly pierced the leg of mutton in several places with his pocket-knife, inflicting, as he says, *une douzaine de profondes blessures*, from which every drop of juice in the joint ran out. The eggs proved to be excellent and nutritious; and *les trois Anglais* devoured the dry, tasteless mass of flesh that remained with the customary voracity of their nation. That they had a leg of mutton before them was all they knew, and was enough for them to know; whether legs of mutton should contain juice, and, if so, what had become of the juice in this instance, were matters far beyond their powers of observation and reflection. This marvellous combination of self-complacency and helplessness sometimes makes us fancy that the travelling Englishman believes himself to be under the protection of a special Providence. We lately read of an Englishman who took a long journey in tropical Africa with a copious supply of tracts, but without a single grain of quinine. After a time he was, as might be expected, prostrated with the illnesses to which Europeans are subject in those climates. We remember also how Captain Allen Gardiner and his friends deposited themselves in childlike faith on the pleasant soil of Tierra del Fuego, believing that the fowls of the air would bring them food; instead of which the fowls of the air devoured him and his companions, coats and hats and hymn-books too. Such instances might almost ruffle the imperturbability of British self-confidence, and might induce a glimmering of the truth which it is the object of the book before us to illustrate—that the first principle of the art of travel, even for Englishmen, must be to take thought of the morrow, and that Providence helps those who help themselves.

"The Old Shekarry," who has surveyed mankind from China to Peru, is not only an insatiable wanderer and a mighty hunter, but possesses rare gifts of organization that have enabled him to pass safe, though not unscathed, through a thousand dangers. In this little volume he offers to travellers and sportsmen the most useful information and advice—rendered doubly useful by the accompaniment of accurate illustrations—as to their dress, their equipment, and their arms. Flannel and fustian are the staple materials

* *Wrinkles; or, Hints to Sportsmen and Travellers upon Dress, Equipment, Armament, and Camp Life.* By H. A. L. (The Old Shekarry). London: Saunders, Otley, & Co. 1868.

for a sportsman's clothing—dressed deerskin, when obtainable, being perhaps superior to fustian. In very hot climates trousers may be given up for the kilt, gaiters being, however, worn as usual. The difficulty, of course, is not to overburden oneself with clothing, and at the same time to insure reasonable safety against the assaults of the insect pests of tropical countries. In forests, for instance, where the tree-leech abounds, it is necessary to wear leech-gaiters, or long closely-woven stockings over the socks and trousers, and under the boots and ordinary gaiters. The additional weight must be severely felt in a long tramp through jungle and underwood, and it has not even the merit of being an efficient protection, for the Old Shekarry says that even with this safeguard he has often found his boots and stockings drenched with blood in the evening. It would probably be better in this case to take a lesson from the natives, who smear their legs over with a peculiarly scented preparation which deters the leeches from biting. Even a white ant may be driven away by the presence of certain odours which it dislikes, and the tree-leech, with an equal keenness of scent, is fortunately not quite catholic in its tastes. As for keeping them out by extra wraps, we doubt the success of the experiment; for the bloodthirstiness of these little pests is so great that, if a man were encased in armour, they would find a chink somewhere. As Albert Smith used to say of mosquito curtains, however quickly you may dive under your curtain into bed, there is always one mosquito that gets in twice as quick as you, and his attentions are quite enough to keep you awake during the night. So with leeches. However closely your stockings and gaiters may fit, there will always be just room for two or three bloodsuckers to creep in, and their power of distention is very considerable. The necessity of making one article serve for a variety of uses must be obvious to every wanderer in wild regions; and the Old Shekarry's poncho, invented by himself, is a masterpiece of ingenuity. It is made of waterproof canvas, eight feet by seven feet six inches in size, with a longitudinal slit in the centre, and eyelet-holes worked all round, and with an oval ring two feet wide all round. When laid on the ground it is a sheet and coverlet. By slipping the head through the hole in the centre, and buttoning up the corners, it becomes a cloak for riding or walking. By making use of the eyelet-holes it can be slung up between trees as a hammock, or it can be rigged like a pent-roof to give shelter from rain. And lastly, by inserting the oval ring with air and attaching it to a basket-work frame—which of course can be run up at any time in the forest—it becomes a commodious raft, capable of containing two people. Throughout the details of the proper equipment for the traveller we are struck with the same economical ingenuity, and with the same perfect knowledge of what things are absolutely necessary, based on a practical knowledge of what inevitable difficulties must be encountered. We can but notice one or two instances. In selecting a hunting-knife, great care must be taken to see that the point and axis of both blade and handle are in a straight line, or it will be liable to glance off the object at which it is struck; and the test of a good blade is whether it will cut through a dollar without the edge being turned. A medicine-chest should never be forgotten, and if the traveller is going to tropical countries, he should have a large supply of quinine. In malarious regions the two maladies to which a sportsman is liable are fever and dysentery. For the former the Old Shekarry has only one recipe, which he has uniformly adopted for himself. Saturate the system with quinine. Take it till your head is so dizzy that you cannot stand. Keep yourself well covered up, drink hot lemonade to promote perspiration, and await the result with equanimity. If you are strong enough to stand the excessive doses of quinine, you will kill the fever. If not, the fever will kill you. Dysentery can only be treated in its initial stages; to effect a radical cure the sufferer must remove into a different climate, and abandon his sport. A pocket filter is another absolute necessity, and can be obtained of most convenient size, and weighing only eight ounces. Water should be not only filtered, but boiled also; the filtration clears it from impurities, but the boiling alone destroys the animalcula. In searching for water, the smallest signs must be looked for. The tracks of animals should be followed when they appear to converge, and flights of birds should be watched, as they always drink morning and evening. But a hunter must make up his mind not to want a draught every hour or two:—

He should accustom himself to drink at his morning and evening meals only; and he ought to be able to go through a hard day's work, even under a tropical sun, by only moistening his mouth from time to time with a couple of spoonfuls of boiled water, or, what is better still for quenching thirst, cold weak tea, without milk or sugar.

The Old Shekarry makes no attempt to smooth over the difficulties which a thorough wanderer must be prepared to meet; nor does he recommend any one who is faint in heart, weak in body, or afflicted with even the slightest consciousness of owning such things as nerves, to seek for distinction as a sportsman or an explorer in far countries. His standard is very high, as may be judged from his enumeration of the qualities necessary to make a good deer-stalker. A good deer-stalker should be able to run like an antelope, and to stay like an Arab horse; to creep like a leopard, to run with his back bent double, and to wriggle along the ground like an eel. He should be able to wade or swim torrents, to keep his footing on slippery stones, and, whatever happens to himself, to keep his rifle dry at all hazards. If hunting chamois, ibex, burrul, goral, thaur, and other animals of the wild goat or sheep species, he must be prepared to follow up his game

"along narrow ledges of scarped rock, and beetling heights, where a false step or a moment's giddiness would entail certain destruction." Before attempting such pursuits, the sportsman will do well to inquire, not only whether he is fit for the task, but also whether the game is worth the candle.

We pass over some useful chapters on rifles and cartridges, because every man has his own particular taste in the matter of guns, fishing-rods, cricket-bats, and other implements of sport, and also because the science of gunnery is so much in its infancy that it would be ridiculous at the present time to exalt the pretensions of one particular rifle above its fellows. We find some excellent hints on the subject of servants—a most important question to a traveller in India or Africa. In a pithy sentence the Old Shekarry sums up his principles of action. "Treat them kindly, pay them fairly, listen to them patiently, humour their prejudices, respect their feelings, do not interfere with their religion." See that they do their work efficiently; insist on implicit obedience to orders; let insubordination meet with a sharp and short reckoning; and when the toil of the day is over, leave them to amuse themselves with their songs, their women, and their grog—if you can give it them. Above all, if any British zeal for proselytizing fires your breast, extinguish it forthwith:—

My "gatherings" have often been a motley crew—a rough and reckless lot of desperate men, of different colours, race, and creed, bound by no tie, and heeding no law—yet perfect unanimity always existed amongst them, and many a jovial night have we passed reclining round the watchfire after a hard day's work, a sharp skirmish, or a great hunt, when wild songs were sung, strange tales were told, and many a hoarse peal of merriment rang through the night air, as the jest went round. Loudly we laughed, and little we recked for the morrow.

Some time ago, in noticing a work of the Old Shekarry's, entitled the *Forest and the Field*, we remarked that, though capable of bearing the most extreme privations, the author was by no means an anchorite, and had a most excellent appreciation of good cheer when it fell in his way. We have to make the same observation about this volume, and, having shown from it what a thorough traveller must expect to put up with, we are happy to give him a couple of recipes for creature comforts when he has the opportunity of enjoying them. The first is for a tropical pick-me-up, called "tiger's milk":—

Beat up the yolks of six eggs well, with a *modicum*, or half-pint of spirit (rum or brandy), three lumps of sugar, a bit of lemon peel cut thin, and a little spice, such as cloves or cardamums. Add a quart of new milk, mix well, grate in the third of a nutmeg, and you will have a stirrup-cup for three persons.

The second is for claret cup:—

To a bottle of claret add three wine-glasses of cognac, a couple of large table-spoons of sugar, the rind of a lime cut thin, a dozen cloves, the seeds of three cardamum pods, a quarter of a nutmeg, one green chili, a small sprig of borage, a dozen leaves of mint, and a threatening of lime-juice, or, what is perhaps better, a lime cut into thin slices. Let it stand for twenty minutes, and then add three bottles of cooled soda-water, stirring it up well, and serving it out with a ladle whilst in a state of effervescence. This brew makes a good drink for three people.

We must note, in conclusion, that the value of this volume is much enhanced by the addition of a capital chapter, supplied by a practical naturalist, on the best and simplest methods of preserving skins of animals, skeletons, birds, insects, crustacea, sponges, corallines, and land and fresh-water shells.

PROFESSOR CONINGTON'S CONTINUATION OF "WORSLEY'S ILIAD."*

A PART from natural regret that a poet of such fine parts as Mr. Worsley should have been cut off in the flower of his genius, there is little to complain of in the chance that has led to Mr. Conington's undertaking the completion of his friend's *Iliad*. From the tone of his preface it might be presumed that, although his original doubts as to the applicability of Spenserian stanzas to a translation of Homer had been in some measure dissipated by the success of Mr. Worsley's attempts, we should scarcely have seen him trying his hand upon a Homer after the manner of Spenser but for an affectionate desire to complete his friend's best monument. He is at pains indeed to point out the advantages of a form of verse to which he is now naturally attached by practice; but, as its adoption was rather an obligation than a choice, we may reasonably doubt whether, putting Mr. Worsley and his Homer out of the balance, Professor Conington would have preferred the Spenserian measure, for the purposes of Homeric translation, to heroic, blank verse, or ballad poetry of some sort. Our readers may remember that both parts of Mr. Worsley's *Odyssey* and the first part of his *Iliad* were reviewed in these columns some two or three years ago; and that, while highly esteeming his poetic gifts, we were by no means inclined, as he advanced in his task, to accept him, without protest, as our ideal of an Homeric translator. As appears from Mr. Conington's preface, he lived barely long enough to set his hand to the second volume of the *Iliad*. Some twelve stanzas of the 13th Book are all that he left; and, printed just as he left them in the volume before us, they serve to point a contrast—which, to our thinking, is not without significance—between the views and practice as to translation of one who was more poet than scholar, and those of another

* *The Iliad of Homer*. Translated into English Verse in the Spenserian Stanza. Books I. to XII. by the late Rev. Philip Stanhope Worsley, of Corpus Christi College, Oxford. Books XIII. to XXIV. by Professor Conington. 2 vols. Edinburgh and London: Blackwood & Sons. 1868.

who, though his own modesty inclines him here to put the case too strongly, is unquestionably more scholar than poet. Whilst Mr. Worsley was too good a scholar ever to run very wide of his original through gross misapprehension of the Greek, Mr. Conington has quite sufficient poetic taste and feeling, as well as familiarity with English poetry, to avoid the danger of a serious disparity between his twelve books and his friend's twelve through any deficiencies of grace, rhythm, or style. But not the less is there a contrast to the scholar's eye. The absence in Mr. Conington of his friend's over-boldness of fancy is in his favour as a translator. His superior fidelity, born of more intimate and minute study of the Greek, contributes to render the volume before us something more than the "pious office" that its author intended. It is a memorial of the sound results of the union of high scholarship with competent poetic talent, and a proof of the greater value of intimate knowledge of the original in the manufacture of a satisfactory translation than any amount of thought and disquisition as to the best form or metre. With all the difficulties of his measure, entailing as it does the need of a wonderful treasury of rhymes, and no small skill in adapting the structure of the original to a structure as little like it as can be conceived, Mr. Conington has been often able to represent the Greek in English almost word for word and line for line; nay, where we have compared him with Lord Derby, who is unfettered by any such *spatia iniqua*, it is surprising how seldom he makes us feel his disadvantage. In truth, with all his pains to conform his practice as far as possible to Mr. Worsley's (an example of which he cites in his retention of the word "hut" instead of "tent," because Mr. Worsley had—unnecessarily we have always thought—supposed the former to give the truest notion of dwellings of the Homeric warriors during the ten years' siege), one no sooner steps beyond the twelfth stanza of the 13th Book than one is sensible of a closer-fitting garb applied to the Greek form. It would certainly be too much to aver that the disparity is obtrusive; yet a keen-eyed scholar, we fancy, could not con half a dozen books of the first volume, and then half a dozen of the second, even in the absence of all light upon the subject of authorship, without at once pronouncing in favour of a "chorizontic" theory as to this translation. Not to go back beyond the limits of the volume before us, Mr. Worsley's dozen stanzas in it are replete with grace and elegance, but even his rich endowment with these attributes tends to diminish our realization of the requisite of faithfulness—the best security, unless indeed where there is total lack of poetic talent, for good translation. One may admire in this portion the fine and poetical amplification which gets out of

τρίμε δ' οὐρα μακρὰ καὶ ὕλη
ποσσὶν ὑπ' ἀθανάτοισι Ποσειδάωνος ἴοντες (xiii. 18-19),

Tall mountains and wild woods from height to height
Rocked to the immortal feet that hurrying bare
Poseidon in his wrath;

and expands the four words γηροσύνη δὲ θάλασσα ἰάσατο (*ibid.* 29) into

And the crystal heap
Of waters in mild joy disporting knew
Their Lord.

But more attention to the letter of the original is to be exacted of translators than is found in commonplaces like the first line of this book, where

Ζεὺς δ' ἐπεὶ οὖν Τρῳᾶς τε καὶ Ἑκτορα νηυσὶ πῆλασσε

is misrendered "But Zeus when Hector by the fleet he spies," so as to express only the remote meaning which the words get by implication. When we find κραίνῃ ποσὶ προβαδίας translated "Devouring with long strides the spacious air" (v. 18 *ibid.*), and notice that the same words are afterwards translated far more simply by Mr. Conington, we long to see a law passed in translation, for driving out strangers, and breaking all images not warranted by the text.

But our business is now with Mr. Conington, who is generally a pattern of moderation in these respects, and, except where in one or two places he introduces an alien word or two, to eke out his line and rhyme—*e.g.*

χαίρω σὺν, Λαερτιάδῃ, τὸν μῦθον ἀκούσας (xix. 185).
Thy words, Odysseus, please me like a song;

and in xxiv. 616, αἶψ' ἄμρ' Ἀχελῷον ἱρρώσαντο—

Who by the flood weave dances like a zone,

where it is needless to say that the words in italics are supernumeraries—is as conscientious a guide to follow through the *Iliad's* course as could be desired. The account of the funeral games in the 23rd Book, and the description of the shield in the 18th (cf. stanzas 55-71), may be referred to, in proof no less of the translator's skill in versification and his tact in moulding his English to the Greek sense, so that the latter loses very little of its life and power, than of a wonderful accuracy and exactness, which make the critic at fault for flaws, and despair of finding profitable fields for even doubtful disputation. We must be content, however, with far briefer samples, and, if possible, such as are complete in their briefness. Here is a noted passage, the adorning of Hera when about to take Zeus by subtlety (*Il.* xiv. 170-86, stanzas 20-21):—

Entering she closed the door, then cleansed each soil
By sweet ambrosia's help, with studious care,

From her white flesh, and rubbed it with sweet oil
Celestial, lovely, and of fragrance rare;
Shake it but once upon heaven's brazen stair
And straight o'er earth and sky the steam is shed.
Anointed in such sort, she combed her hair,
And with her hands the locks in order spread,
Beautiful, all divine, round her immortal head.

Next donned she her immortal filmy vest,
Which erst Athene made her for her own;
Buckles of gold attached it to her breast.
Then girt she on a hundred-tasselled zone,
And in her pierced ears pendants fixed, that shone
With triple drops, like mulberries to the sight;
Round her proud forehead was a fillet thrown
Beauteous, new-fashioned, like a sunbeam white,
And sandals on her feet she fastened, fair and light.

The rendering, doubtless, of the two lines which we have italicized is a little bold, if we consider the Greek—

τοῦ καὶ κυνέριον Διὸς κατὰ χηλοβαρεῖς δῶ
ἔμπης ἐς γαῖαν τε καὶ οὐρανὸν ἔκ' αὐτῇ.

but an examination of the commentaries on these verses satisfies us that substantially the sense of the original is represented in Mr. Conington's English. The epithet "filmy," in the second stanza, stands, we conclude, for the clause *τιθῆναι δ' ἐν δαίδαλα πολλὰ*; and, to tell the truth, we like it better than his too favourite habit of translating *δαίδαλα* and *δαίδαλον* by the Greekish epithet "dædal." The sole fault that our taste finds with a stanza in Book 22, which represents the end of the combat between Hector and Achilles, and may well be cited to show how little lack of life, force, or spirit can be charged against Spenserian verse as an equivalent for Homer, is the use of this epithet, which sounds un-English, at the close of it:—

So saying he drew forth his keen-edged blade,
Which at his side hung huge and heavy there,
And gathering charged, like eagle in a raid
Which plainward swoopeth through the clouds of air,
A tender lamb to seize or timorous hare;
Falcon in hand, so Hector made his spring.
On rushed Achilles, while fierce rage did glare
From out his eyes, his bosom sheltering
With covert of his shield, that fair and dædal thing.—St. 36, p. 249.

Spenser, no doubt, uses "dædale" of the hand in the sense of "skilful," and of the earth in the sense of "fruitful"—so that there is perhaps as much justification for the moderate use of this epithet as for the numerous archaisms which Mr. Conington affects even beyond the measure of Mr. Worsley; and of which we have the less heart to complain when we discover how valuable such Spenserian words as "to pill," "to arraign," "to shend," and so forth are found for the translator's metrical and rhyming exigencies. At the same time we have our own opinion as to the general unsuitableness of the phraseology of a particular English epoch for representing in English a poem and poet "of all time." An English translation saves the general reader the need of such an apparatus as a "Lexicon Homericum"; but will not this particular translation, in many cases, involve the hunting up a Spenserian glossary? Even that will not exhibit such words as "suasion," which are a little out of keeping with an archaic vocabulary.

For the management of his stanzas Mr. Conington deserves all credit. As he remarks, the irreducibility of Homer's narrative to paragraphs of the length of nine-line stanzas is a serious difficulty. Clearly, where there is any other resort, the practice of running stanza into stanza without let or stop would be much to be deprecated. Mr. Worsley had too much of it, and his successor exhibits skill and tact in avoiding this error. Sometimes, as in Book 13 (stanzas 36, 37), the translator finds himself at the end of a stanza in the midst of the lines

αἰψὺ οἱ ἰσσεῖται . . .
νῆας ἐνπρήσαι, ὅτε μὴ αὐτὸς γε Κρονίων
ἐμβάλοι αἰσόμενον ἑλδὸν νήεσσι θυοῖεν (317-20).

Yet, by his management, although a mere comma marks the end of one stanza in the verse,

Since their unconquered hands it hoves him first to tame,

the first verse of the succeeding stanza,

Save great Kronion's self the battle wild,

is made to introduce a new point of view, and a saving clause of sufficient importance to justify its separate and leading position. Elsewhere, as in xiv. 90-1, the translator judiciously manages to carry on the word *μῦθον* by a pardonable iteration, and make it begin a new stanza on this wise:—

Hush! lest some Argive's ear should chance to hear that speech:

Speech which no true man in his lips would take.—P. 38, st. 10-11.

Indeed, by such adroitness Mr. Conington frequently avoids the necessity of undisguisedly leaping the barrier with his Pegasus.

Putting aside our predilections for other measures, we are bound to own that this is a very readable translation, and that the satisfaction arising out of this fact is very much enhanced by its accuracy. Every one who knows the Greek will enjoy this stanza, which embodies a rather famous Greek proverb in Hector's words before his last encounter:—

"Ours is no dalliance as when maid and boy,
Maiden and boy from rock or wayside tree,
Either with either meeting, dally and toy:
Best join in fight that quickly we may see

Whom Zeus marks out for glory, him or me."
So brooded he, while Peleus' son drew near
Like Enyalios harnessed cap-a-pie,
On his right shoulder swaying his huge spear,
And round him gleamed the brass-like fire or sunrise clear.

But, beyond the mastery of versification exhibited, the reader will prize also the closeness with which, line for line, the gist of the Greek is represented. And there is never any haziness of interpretation. We do not think Mr. Conington puts as forcibly as Lord Derby Achilles's scornful rejection of fallen Hector's petition for burial honours for his corpse:—

Dog that thou art, have done! let knees and parents be! (Conington).
Such is the Professor's English of

μή με, κύων, γόνιων γονυλάω μηδὲ τοκήων. (xxii. 345);
and no one will think it equal to Lord Derby's

Knee me no knees, vile dog, nor prate to me
Of parents.

But if we want an instance of the thorough trustworthiness of Mr. Conington's interpretation, we have but to carry our eyes on to the next line of Greek and the next stanza of English, and we shall see neither the one nor the other saddles Achilles with that imputation of cannibalism which some commentators have tried to fix upon him. The Greek runs:—

αἱ γὰρ πῶς αὐτόν με μῖσος καὶ θυρὸς ἀνίη
ὅμ' ἀποταμύμενον κρία ἵδμεναι δὴ μ' ἰοργαί;
ὥς οὐκ ἴδθ' ὅς σῆς γε κόνας κεφαλῆς ἀπαλάσκει (xxii. 346-8);

and the rendering of Mr. Conington:—

Would that as surely heart and will were mine
To carve and eat thy flesh, my maw to stay,
As none shall ward off dogs from head of thine—

very distinctly interprets the hero's wish as Doederlein puts it, "hostis devorandi libidinem licet avidus rationis ope aversari, ut inhumanam." The hero laments his prejudices, and, the question of taste apart, rather envies the dogs their meal. But delicacy forbids. Indeed, throughout there is the best security that we have in this version a true transcript of the original, and a translator to deal with upon whom we can depend for a safe judgment upon conflicting interpretations. In rendering the epithet ἀρηιβαλῆς, for example, in Andromache's lament over her husband and her orphaned boy (xxii. 456), he is not moved by recent interpretations to change the long accepted sense of "puer patrinus et matrinus" for the needless and more doubtful sense "valde opulentus." The reference to this passage reminds us to note also, though we have no space to illustrate, the amount of pathos which Mr. Conington has thrown into his versions of this passage, and of the touching interview between Priam and Achilles in the 24th Book. For this cause, as well as for other merits, we can well conceive that Conington's completion of Worsley's Iliad will win a popularity fairly due to the skill and taste bestowed upon it, and more especially merited by its eminent faithfulness.

ARTISTS AND ARABS.*

THE lesson which Mr. Blackburn sets himself to impress upon his readers is certainly in accordance with common sense. The first need of the painter is an educated eye, and to obtain this he must consent to undergo systematic training. In a London winter he can at most get this indoors. His rooms are under his own control, at all events as far as the furnishing of them is concerned; but the moment he steps across the threshold he becomes the waif of an inartistic century in its most inartistic phase. He is in the position of the man who is learning a language merely from books, with nothing to recall its accents in the daily life around him. If he will listen to Mr. Blackburn he may get rid of all these uncongenial surroundings at a distance of only four days' journey. In Algiers he will find nothing without to jar against the arrangements within, and he will have the latter ready made to his hand, instead of having the trouble of constructing them for himself. The house in which Mr. Blackburn lived seems to have been all that a painter could wish for. It was an old Moorish building of two stories, with the rooms arranged round a courtyard, the floors and walls tiled so as to admit of constant washing, carpets and cushions the only furniture, with "nothing to offend the eye in shape or form, nothing to offend the ear—not even a door to slam." On the housetop there was an open terrace, with vines and roses growing on it, and "the climate is so equal, warm, and pleasant, even in December and January," that Mr. Blackburn found this the best part of the house for working in. The street life consorts perfectly with the home life. The narrow streets, the mysterious-looking old houses, the graceful lines and rich decoration still visible on the ruined arches of old mosques, the low doorways and carved lattices, the open shops before which the embroiderers are sitting "amongst heaps of silk, rich stuffs, and every variety of material," the dark niches "where the Moors sit cross-legged, with great gourds and festoons of dried fruits hanging above and around them," the piles of red morocco slippers, the odd-shaped earthenware vessels—these are the sights which the painter gets in exchange for "a damp, dreary, muddy, blackened street, with a vista of areas and lamp posts." Another point of superiority is the variety of artistic

suggestions which pour in from every quarter. At home the painter has only the few objects of taste which constitute his stock in trade. They have much the same relation to his work that a lay figure has. But in Algiers

everything we purchase is odd and quaint, irregular or curious in some way. Every piece of embroidery, every remnant of old carpet, differs from another in pattern as the leaves on the trees. There is no repetition, and herein lies its charm and true value to us. Every fabric differs either in pattern or combination of colours—it is something, as we said, unique, something to treasure, something that will not remind us of the mill.

No matter how simple these Moorish patterns may be, they are always good, and they admit of being adapted to almost any purpose. Perhaps the cause may be found in the care with which they copy nature:—

In some Japanese and Chinese silks we may meet with more brilliant achievements in positive colours; but the Moors seem to excel all other nations in taste, and in their skilful juxtaposition of tints. We have seen a Moorish designer hard at work, with a box of butterflies' wings for his school of design, and we might, perhaps, take the hint at home.

But a painter wants something more than still life, and at first Mr. Blackburn found some difficulty in getting models. The difficulty vanished, however, as soon as it got abroad that the Franks "had money, and meant business." His first choice was a young lady named Fatima, aged thirteen, and already six months a wife:—

How shall we give the reader an idea of this little creature, when she comes next morning and coils herself up amongst the cushions in the corner of our room, like a young panther in the Jardin des Plantes? Her costume, when she throws off her haik (and with it a tradition of the Mahomedan faith, that forbids her to show her face to an unbeliever), is a rich loose crimson jacket embroidered with gold, a thin white bodice, loose silk trousers reaching to the knee and fastened round the waist by a magnificent sash of various colours; red morocco slippers, a profusion of rings on her little fingers, and bracelets and anklets of gold filagree work. Through her waving black hair are twined strings of coins and the folds of a silk handkerchief, the hair falling at the back in plaits below the waist.

Fatima's charms were those of dress rather than of face or character. She was not beautiful, scarcely even interesting. She was greatly bored by having to sit, for the two francs an hour for which she bargained were appropriated by her father or husband. She was constitutionally unable to remain still, and all her movements were "suggestive of a little caged animal that had better be petted and caressed or kept at a safe distance." Once only, when she was thoroughly tired out, she burst into a passion of tears, but usually she did nothing but smoke incessantly, and make cigarettes with wonderful speed. Mr. Blackburn was more successful with a Moorish Jewess, who consented to take her tiara of gold and jewels and her bodice of crimson velvet, embroidered with silver, from their hiding-place in the ground, and sit from day to day, except when she suddenly absented herself to keep some Jewish festival. But, after all, the best life school in Algiers is the street, or, if that proves inconvenient for sketching—"a crowd sometimes collecting until it became almost impossible to breathe"—the *café*. In one of these latter Mr. Blackburn contrived, "by dint of a little tact and a small outlay of tobacco," to work without molestation. It was filled with Moors who had saved money enough to live without working, and who used to sit all day, wrapped in their white bournouses, solemnly doing nothing. Outside

was a narrow and steep overhanging street, crowded at all times with Moors on one side embroidering, or pretending to sell goods of various kinds; and on the opposite side there was a *café*, not four feet distant, where a row of about eighteen others sat and smoked, and contemplated their brethren at work. The street was always full of traffic, being an important thoroughfare from the upper to the lower town, and there were perpetually passing up and down, droves of laden donkeys; men with burdens carried on poles between them; vendors of fruit, bread, and live fowls, and crowds of people of every denomination.

Another favourite studio was a Jews' clothes auction. There, collected "in a large square courtyard with plain whitewashed walls and Moorish arcades," with the gigantic leaves and broad shadows of a palm-tree on one side, and on the other a raised dais, the painter may gaze on an endless variety of patterns and colours exposed for sale, and note, in striking contrast with this still life, the vehement passion of the sellers:—

Look at the colours, at the folds of their cloaks, bournouses and yachmahs—purple, deep red, and spotless white, all crushed together—with their rich transparent shadows, as the sun streams across them, reflected on the walls. The heavy awning throws a curious glow over the figures, and sometimes almost conceals their features with a dazzle of reflected light. Look at the legs of these eager traders, as they struggle and fight and stand on tiptoe, to catch a glimpse of some new thing exposed for sale; look at them well—the lean, the shambling, the vigorous, the bare bronze (bronzed with sun and grime), the dark hose, the purple silk, and the white cotton, the latter the special affectation of the dandy Jew. What a medley, but what character here—the group from knee to ankle forms a picture alone.

Still, with all these advantages, Mr. Blackburn does not advise artists to remain too long in Algiers. For their purpose town life, even in the East, is too comfortable and conventional. Perhaps this is the reason why the majority of Frenchmen who have studied in Africa have done so little worthy of mention. Mr. Blackburn describes those whom he encountered as "closeted for weeks, copying and recopying fanciful desert scenes, such as camels dying on sandy plains, under a sky of the heaviest opaque blue, and with cold grey shadows upon the ground, drawing imaginary Mauresques on impossible housetops, and, in short, working more from fancy than facts."

* *Artists and Arabs; or, Sketching in Sunshine.* By Henry Blackburn. London: Sampson Low, Son, & Marston. 1868.

Mr. Blackburn's preventive against this danger is a liberal dose of sketching from nature in the country round Algiers. Probably some small part of the charm derivable from this process is due to the consciousness that within so short a distance of England the December air is laden with "odours of orange groves, the aromatic scent of cedars, the sweet breath of wild flowers, roses, honeysuckles, and violets," all "radiant in a sunshine which to a Northerner is unknown." But, besides this, there is much to be learnt which is absolutely new to most painters. One of the first of these discoveries will dispel the common blunder "that one great advantage of the climate is that you may work at the same sketch from day to day, continuing where you left off." This supposed advantage the artist must be content to forego, but he will find ample compensation in the insight he will get, during the progress of his drawing, into the varying phases of light and shade:—

Let us take an example. About six feet from us, at eight o'clock in the morning, the sheer white wall of a Moslem tomb is glowing with a white heat, and across it are cast the shadows of three palm-leaves, which at a little distance have the contrasted effect of the blackness of night. Approach a little nearer and examine the real colour of these photographic leaf-lines, shade off (with the hand) as much as possible of the wall, the sky, and the reflected light from surrounding leaves, and these dark shadows become a delicate pearl grey, deepening into mauve, or partaking sometimes of the tints of the rich earth below them. They will be deeper yet before noon, and pale again, and uncertain and fantastic in shape, before sundown. If we sketch these shadows only each hour, as they pass from left to right upon the wall (laying down a different wash for the ground each time) and place them side by side in our note-book, we shall have made some discoveries in light and transparent shadow-tones, which will be very valuable in after time. No two days or two hours are under precisely the same atmospheric conditions; the gradations and changes are extraordinary, and would scarcely be believed in by any one who had not watched them.

Mr. Blackburn's favourite spot for working was a half-deserted Arab cemetery, about six miles from Algiers. "Sheltered from the sun's rays, hidden from the sight of passers-by, surrounded with a profusion of aloes, palms, cacti, and an infinite variety of shrubs and flowers peeping out between the palm-trees, it combined everything that could be desired." Here Mr. Blackburn had abundant opportunities for correcting popular errors in the rendering of Oriental vegetation. The palm-trees which guard these Arab tombs are something far different from the straight stems and uniform feather brooms which are familiar to every buyer of Scripture illustrations. Their trunks, though shattered by fierce storms, are full of suggested strength, while their foliage is indescribable in its "variety of colour and grandeur of aspect." So, again, of the aloe. The uniform blue riband-like leaves which painters have agreed shall stand for this plant have nothing in common with those colossal spear-points, "so tender and pliable that in some positions a child might snap them, and yet so wonderful in their distribution of strength" that at the proper angle they would "resist the approach of a lion, and almost turn a charge of cavalry." And these are but two features amongst many of Algerian vegetation:—

Is it nothing, for instance [asks Mr. Blackburn, in hot indignation against an imaginary objector], for a painter to have springing up before him in this clear atmosphere, delicate stems of grass, six feet high, falling over in spray of golden leaves against a background of blue sea; daring upward, sheer, bright, and transparent from a bank covered with the prickly pear, that looks by contrast like the rock-work from which a fountain springs? Is it nothing to see amongst all this wondrous over-growth of gigantic leaves, and amongst the tender creepers and the flower, the curious knotted and twisted stem of the vine, trailing serpent-like on the ground, its surface worn smooth with time? Is it nothing for an artist to learn practically what "white heat" means?

Nor will he be without opportunities of learning something besides white heat. Mr. Blackburn gives a sketch, by a friend, of palm-trees in a storm, which suggests the source from which Doré may have derived some of his illustrations for the *Inferno*; and with this may be compared his own description of "the confused murmuring sound and grinding clatter that the battered and wounded aloes made among themselves," as they lay with their contorted and disfigured limbs in hopeless wreck, and their leaves piercing and sawing each other as they swayed backward and forward in the wind. "No sea-monster or devil-fish could seem more horrible, and we wish the reader no wilder vision than to be near them at night."

Mr. Blackburn's enthusiasm does not stop at the aspects of external nature. He is greatly impressed with the religious character of the Arabs, and draws a comparison between their worship and that of the Church of Rome which is extremely flattering to the former. In particular he contrasts the service at a little French chapel in an Algerian town, which he attended before starting one morning, with a group of Arabs praying among the mountains—their kneeling figures lighted up by the sun, which still shone through some unseen valley—which he encountered the same evening. In the one he saw only "the most materialistic expression of devotion it was possible to devise," in the other he recognised "sincerity, faith, ecstasy, adoration." He falls, in fact, into the not uncommon mistake of confounding accessories with essentials. Perhaps, if Catholic and Mahomedan devotion could always be viewed under similar conditions to those which he selects for comparison, the superiority in point of taste and pictorial effect might be with the latter. But suppose these conditions reversed—suppose the Arabs to be seen collected between the bare walls of some poverty-stricken mosque in a crowded Eastern town, and then contrasted with the severe and picturesque dignity of a little company of monks who

have halted at the sound of the Angelus in some mountain pass in the Apennines, what would become of Mr. Blackburn's moral then? The tawdry decorations of a poor French chapel, the majestic attitudes of a few Orientals under favourable conditions of light and background, cannot in fairness be taken as typifying the artistic merits of the two religions. As to the moral influence of his favourite creed even Mr. Blackburn has his doubts. At least, after giving a sketch in another part of his book of "a warrior on horseback at prayers, his hands outstretched, his face turned towards the sun," he adds this frank comment:—

He came and sat down afterwards, to smoke, close to our tent, and we regret to say that he was extremely dirty, and in his habits rather cruel. . . . The last we saw of our motel patriarch was flying before an enraged vivandière, who pursued him down the hill with a dish-cloth. He had been prowling about since dawn, and had forgotten the distinction between "meum" and "tuum."

VATHEK.*

THE writer or editor of the introduction to this, the fifth, edition of a once famous story appears either to be two persons or to have two minds. Or is it an old preface or life of Beckford fished up out of some newspaper, and botched and patched by a modern bookmaker? It is not long, but, considering how short it is, it is as bad and slovenly a bit of work as any one has ever seen. At page 3 we find the book spoken of as "Beckford's great work, the one for which he will always hold a high rank among romantic and imaginative writers." At page 6 somebody, surely a more modern hand, points out that Beckford was a "second-hand Horace Walpole, plus two millions of money, minus what wit the gossiping Horace had," and that as the one wrote a "somewhat rabbi king (sic) Gothic romance," so the other wrote *Vathek*. "Both romances have little moral, and are written with insufficient knowledge of time and place, yet both are so distant that the reader fails to detect incongruities, and the books form pleasant reading." It is not worth while asking the writer why it should be any objection to a romance that it has little moral; but surely the author of this mild eulogium is not the same person who had told us that *Vathek* will always confer on the writer a high rank among imaginative and romantic authors. At the close of the paragraph where the more modern hand has been disparaging the book which he was called upon to bless, we are suddenly pulled up in amazement by the intrusive statement that "these details are characteristic of Mr. Beckford, and form an interesting illustration of his peculiar taste and genius." The reader fancies that he has fallen asleep, and so missed "these details," but in reading the paragraph over again soon discovers that the modern botcher has interpolated his own remarks in the transcript he was botching, and then has ended the paragraph in the pompous phrase of the original and better writer, just as though there had been no interpolation. One more instance of shameful slovenliness. At p. 4 we seize the fact that "Byron praises *Vathek* for its correctness of costume, beauty of description, and power of imagination; 'as an Eastern tale,' he says, 'even *Rasselas* must bow before it; his Happy Valley will not bear a comparison with the Hall of Eblis.'" It occurs to one that nobody who could talk of *even Rasselas* in this way was much worth listening to about Eastern tales, and that, moreover, there is no ground of comparison between the two. For Dr. Johnson's story was a moral apologue, while Beckford's was never meant for anything but a romance. Imagine our gratification, therefore, on finding that the writer of the preface perfectly agrees with us, for at page 8 we read that "Lord Byron, who too often wrote for effect, praises it [*Vathek*] as a work of genius, and draws a comparison where indeed none exists, between the Happy Valley and the Hall of Eblis of *Vathek*." Almost in the same page the preface-writer talks of the beauties and merits of *Vathek* being magnified by Beckford's desire for having the book much talked about, and then straightway assures us that in its prosaic grandeur the crowning scene will bear reading even after the astounding and sublime gloom of Milton and Dante. If it be not to magnify the merits of a book to compare it not unfavourably with Milton and Dante, why, then, how can one magnify them? Such a preface is not a very important matter, but, to resort to a useful commonplace, if it was worth doing at all, it was worth doing well; and as it is, it has been done just as ill as it possibly could be. The editor cannot have given half an hour to his work.

There was room for a really useful and interesting introduction to *Vathek*, just as there would be room for an introduction to the *Castle of Otranto* if Horace Walpole had not been written about more than enough in connexion with other things. To talk of Beckford as at all an equal of Walpole in brains would be absurd, but he still was quite far enough removed from the ordinary type of men to be worthy of a short sketch, which should tell us something more about him than the dates of his birth and death. He did things which to the eye of commercial common sense were as mad as things could possibly be; yet this is the best reason in the world why we, who are all given over body and soul to commercial common sense, should find an account of him particularly diverting and novel. Beckford was in many respects a crazy sort of

* *The History of the Caliph Vathek*. By William Beckford, Esq. Printed verbatim from the First Edition, with the Original Prefaces and Notes by Hensley. London: Sampson Low, Son, & Marston. 1868.

person, even apart from the commercial point of view, but still he was crazy in a remarkable and unusual manner. He was not crazy as we must pronounce young men to be who come into enormous fortunes, and before they are thirty have made ducks and drakes of their property on the Turf. A lad of one-and-twenty, who comes into a million of ready money, and an income of over a hundred thousand pounds a year, as is said to have been the case with Beckford, is in a position which, if it did not find a man crazy, would be particularly likely to make him so. There is, it is true, the case of the gentleman who owns the largest house property in the city of New York; he came into a fortune which surpassed Beckford's, and lives at this moment in the most modest manner possible, chiefly occupied in attending to his property, as though he were his own bailiff, very much to the advantage of his tenants. But he has plenty of Dutch blood in his veins, with sober and thrifty family traditions. Beckford's father, on the contrary, was one of the most phrenetic men that ever lived. His politics were extreme, as everybody knows, and the extreme demagogic politician of 1768 was even less moderate and sober than the extreme politician of 1868. Gog and Magog the other day saw a less passionate scene than they were accustomed to see in their civic hall a hundred years ago. Besides the hot blood which he inherited from his father, young Beckford had for a godfather the greatest, but also not the least mad, of his contemporaries. One would say that a young man who knew Lord Chatham thus intimately must inevitably take some craze out of mere infection, if one did not remember that Chatham's famous son was one of the coldest and soberest of human creatures. But then young Pitt had no money, while Beckford had as much money as he could spend, and was free to imitate Lord Chatham's extravagances as lavishly as he chose. It is impossible not to think of Chatham planting trees by torchlight, when we read of Beckford employing hundreds of men by night as well as by day at Fonthill Abbey. It was perhaps the nearest approach to the Oriental system that we have ever had in England. On the whole, it is not a good argument in favour of our English system of heaping up colossal fortunes for an eldest son, that now and then it breeds us a caliph. Still, once more, better a caliph than a jockey—perhaps even, for a change, better a caliph than a capitalist with a thirst as constant as that of the daughters of the leech for new investments. Moralists are always crying out for new types of character, for fresh varieties of human ideal. Beckford was new and fresh enough in all conscience; whether he was one that a moralist would care to see much repeated is another thing. He had no vices of the vulgar sort. He did not drink, and, in spite of the latent warmth of one or two passages in *Vathek*, he is believed to have been as free from other forms of sensuality as decent men usually are. Like a great many people living at this day, he did not know political economy well enough to be aware that to waste stupendous sums of money in recklessly unproductive expenditure is fully as immoral, because it inflicts fully as grave an injury on the well-being of the community, as falling tipsy under the table every night, or maintaining a seraglio. Nobody had found out in Beckford's time that property has its duties as well as its rights; and even if this great social discovery had been made, it is not by any means clear that Beckford was the kind of man who would have seen the condemnation which this doctrine implies on such practices as wasting one fortune in building a palace at Cintra, and another fortune in constructing a second palace at Fonthill, and then abandoning both one palace and the other.

If Beckford had been a casuist, which he assuredly was not, he might have said that, after all, he did far more good to the world in the pleasure which he gave it in *Vathek* than he did it harm by his Eastern extravagance. It would be a nice question to settle whether, granting that the monstrous follies of Fonthill and of Cintra were the necessary conditions of the temper which inspired him with the boundless and unconditioned ideas of *Vathek*, the happiness conferred by the latter exceeds the happiness lost in the former. Reading *Vathek* now, we are perhaps a little at a loss to understand the root of that vitality which has kept it living for something like eighty years, and has made it seem worth while to a publisher to give the world a new edition of it. It has the merit of being a genuine work of imagination—whether of Beckford's unaided imagination nobody knows—and works of true imagination are not by any means as plentiful as blackberries. And it is imagination of the Oriental kind—not merely speculative, but presenting abundance of external objects and combinations. Then, again, it deals in the supernatural, is full of fairies and devils and magic; and the more realistic or rationalistic the world gets, with the more avidity do people appear to seek what is neither real nor rational. If the human mind were to hand itself over fast bound to the positive school, the demand for fairy tales and magic would be quite unprecedented. As a tale of magic and devilry *Vathek* is capital. The Hall of Eblis, if not quite as fine as Dante and Milton, as our preface-writer hints that it is, must still be held to be well conceived and well finished. But the action of the story is not clear nor rapid enough to be of the first rank in its kind. In the real Eastern tales every circumstance stands out as distinct as objects in an Eastern landscape stand out in the sunlight; and there is a certain swiftness of incident. The action never lingers, while in *Vathek* there is more than one cumbrous pause. We wonder it has been thought worth while to reprint the whole of Henley's notes. Here is an example of their huge profundity.

Bababoulouk, the text says, drew Gulchenrouz from beneath the sofa, and set him upon his shoulders. Then the annotator with incomparable solemnity:—

Set him upon his shoulders. The same mode of carrying boys is noted by Sandys; and Ludeke has a passage still more to the purpose: "Liberos domitorum suorum grandiusculos ita humeris portant cervi, ut illi lacertis suis horum collum, pedibus vero latera amplectantur, sique illorum facies super horum caput eminent." *Expositio Brevis*, p. 37.

This is all the more funny a parody of annotation, because the writer evidently takes it so much *au grand sérieux*. There are many others quite as childish. But the idea of annotating such a book as *Vathek* at all is absurd enough.

KINGLAKE'S INVASION OF THE CRIMEA.*

(Second Notice.)

MR. KINGLAKE, after tracing the measures by which the allies obtained possession of Balaklava, turns back and examines the internal condition of Sebastopol itself. When Prince Menschikoff assembled his field army on the Alma, he left a heterogeneous garrison in Sebastopol, composed of seamen, local artillerymen, local marines, workmen of the Government arsenal, and four reserve battalions. This force mustered in all nearly 32,000 combatants. Since the landing of the allies in the Crimea, the work of strengthening the defences of the place, especially of the north side, had been pushed forward as rapidly as possible, under the direction and supervision of General Todleben. Yet for many days after the battle of the Alma they were quite unfit to withstand a determined assault unless held by a strong army. Prince Menschikoff determined not to hold the defences at all with his field army; but, leaving the cave of Sebastopol in the hands of its own garrison, to carry his forces into a position on the upper Belbec, whence he could keep open his communications with Simferopol and the interior of Russia, and could also act against the flank of the allied armies when they attacked, as he argued that they would attack, the fortifications of the Severnaya. For this determination Prince Menschikoff has been much blamed. A little consideration, however, shows that this plan was by no means a bad one, as it would place the Russians in the most favourable position to attack the invaders, and would secure the communication with the interior, although the tardy and careless method in which it was carried out is open to the gravest censure. On the night of the 24th of September Prince Menschikoff began to move his army out of Sebastopol. That day the British cavalry was on the Belbec, and only six miles distant from where the Prince established his headquarters. Yet the Russian commander neglected the most ordinary precautions or means for gaining intelligence of his enemy's movements. On the 25th, when the allies could easily, if they had been so minded, have advanced to the assault of the Severnaya, the Russian field army not only was not in position to act against their flank, but had not completed its own movement. On the same day Prince Menschikoff suffered the whole of the allied forces unimpeded to make a most difficult movement, under his very nose.

As a preliminary to his withdrawal of the field army from Sebastopol, Prince Menschikoff had ordered that the mouth of the roadstead should be closed against the allied fleets by sinking some vessels. Admiral Korniloff, the Chief of the Staff of the Black Sea Fleet, felt much grieved at the idea of the loss of his ships, and ventured to remonstrate with the Commander-in-Chief, but was overruled by a council of officers. Five line-of-battle ships and two frigates were sunk at the mouth of the bay. The remainder of the Russian fleet was thus bound prisoner within the waters of Sebastopol. The roadstead was shut to the squadrons of England and France. This move prevented any possibility of the allied fleets forcing their way into the bay between the Severnaya and the south side.

On leaving Sebastopol, Prince Menschikoff placed all the forces which were told off for the defence of the Severnaya under Admiral Korniloff. Those employed on the south side were under a divided command, as General Möller was ordered to lead the land forces, while the guidance of the seamen who were employed in the southern works was placed in the hands of Admiral Nachimoff. The soul of the defence was, however, General Todleben, who at first was present only as a volunteer, but directed the engineer operations. It was on the 24th, the day that the allies were moving from the Katcha to the Belbec, that Korniloff assumed the command of the Severnaya. On the morning of the 25th, when the garrison fully expected an assault to be made, his whole force only mustered eleven thousand combatants. The allies counted between fifty and sixty thousand. The fortifications were very inadequate. Korniloff did not expect to be able to withstand the assault; he trusted only to find an honourable death amidst the ruins of the Star fort. But the allies did not assault. On the morning of the 25th, the English army, followed by the French, was bearing away towards Mackenzie's Farm with the object of gaining the southern side of Sebastopol. The garrison had no cavalry, and could not discover what their enemies were doing. At noonday

* *The Invasion of the Crimea; its Origin, and an Account of its Progress down to the Death of Lord Raglan.* By Alexander William Kinglake. Vols. III. & IV. Edinburgh and London: William Blackwood & Sons.

some officers looking abroad from the observatory of the Naval Library suddenly saw the scarlet British battalions pouring over the heights by Mackenzie's Farm and descending into the valley of the Tchernaya. They were followed by the French. The allied movement was at once understood. The Severnaya was no longer threatened. It was evident that it was the south side which was to be attacked. Korniloff's orders were only to defend the north side. Sheltered under these orders, he might have remained passive on the Severnaya, and have there held his whole force. He did not, however, do so. He immediately sent eleven battalions of sailors across the roadstead, and consulted with General Müller, Admiral Nachimoff, and General Todleben for the defence of the whole fortress. At this consultation it was settled that Korniloff should "undertake the general arrangements for the defence of the town." He undertook the duty. To his courage in accepting this responsibility, and to the skill of Todleben, may be attributed in great measure the brilliancy of the defence of Sebastopol.

On the 25th of September the defences of the southern side were very weak. The afterwards famous Malakoff was but a tower, uncovered by earthworks and unsupported by flanking fire. The extent of the southern fortifications was an arc of four miles in length. To man this Korniloff had but 16,000 combatants, exclusive of artillerymen. Every resource which the fleet and the place afforded was placed by Korniloff at the service of Todleben for the purposes of the defence. The very women and children laboured at the batteries and parapets. Heavy guns from the ships were dragged up to the lines and placed in battery. The work was carried on day and night. Yet the garrison had little hope of being able to resist an assault; its fondest trust was that the allies, appalled by the preparations, might determine upon siege operations, or at least defer their attack until they had landed their siege trains and subjected the fortifications to a bombardment. On the 28th Mentschikoff still held aloof; he was not hovering on the allied flank; the garrison could expect no aid from him in case of an assault. But the allies also held off that day; they only reconnoitred the fortifications. So it continued till the morning of the 30th; the allies steadily abstained from an attack; the garrison laboured strenuously at the works. And by this time great progress had been made along the fortifications. These were now in such a state that, although it would still have been impossible to withstand an assault with the certainty of success, yet the garrison would sell their lives dearly, and inflict heavy losses on the attacking columns. On the 30th of September great joy was caused in Sebastopol by the appearance of Prince Mentschikoff and the field army on the north side. The Prince did not, however, remain, although he threw some reinforcements into the place.

On the 27th of September, the day on which the allies completed their flank march, some French and English troops were pushed forward towards the southern side of Sebastopol, and a reconnaissance was made of its defences. We have seen already how unprepared the garrison was on this day to stand an assault. Lord Raglan, at the suggestion, it is stated, of Sir Edmund Lyons, proposed an immediate assault. General Canrobert refused to adopt such a plan; he thought it too hazardous; and among those who considered an assault unjustifiable at that time was Sir John Burgoyne, though he has recently contradicted the statement that he gave any advice on the subject to Lord Raglan. With the object of subduing the artillery of Sebastopol the allies determined to land their siege trains. This was the salvation of the garrison. Had the allies assaulted on the 27th there was only light artillery on the parapets of the place; the time consumed in landing and dragging the siege trains from the sea to the heights was well used by the garrison in mounting heavy ships' guns on the fortifications. Cathcart, Lord Raglan, and Lyons were all eager for a summary assault, and again, on the 29th, the commander of the British army proposed such a method of attack to General Canrobert. The latter, however, still adhered to his former opinion, that the fire of the place must first be got under. This decision of course prevented any assault, and the allies had to be content to await the arrival of their siege guns on the heights, and the erection of batteries to cover them. In this way the allied commanders played directly into General Todleben's hands. All he desired was time. With time he could strengthen his fortifications, and with them once in good order he had every advantage over his enemies. It must be remembered that the allied operations against the southern side of Sebastopol, though falsely called a siege, failed in the most essential condition of all sieges. The place was not invested. It was quite open on the north, and could draw supplies and reinforcements from its field army, and from the whole of Russia. The defence was really not the defence of a besieged town, but of an entrenched position, the defenders of which had abundant supplies of munitions of war and of food, and had sure means of keeping these supplies complete. The assailants could hope to gain no aid from the hunger or exhaustion of the garrison, as would have been the case in an invested place. As soon as they decided to give the garrison time to strengthen the fortifications, the only plan which remained to them was to hammer them down by mere weight of metal.

The decision to land the siege trains was the first step in the operations which acquired so much notoriety under the name of the siege of Sebastopol. As soon as it was determined by the allied generals to bring up heavy ordnance, and to place it in batteries, it was necessary to make a new disposition of their forces.

In the case of most sieges, the whole of the assailant's troops have been available for the prosecution of the operations against the besieged place. In the operations against Sebastopol this was not possible. A Russian army was in the field which could act against the flank of the allies while engaged in the attack of the fortifications, and against its possible annoyances precautions had to be taken. The French army was divided into two corps, each consisting of two divisions. One of these corps, under General Forey, was held for siege operations. The other was used to cover these operations, and was under the command of General Bosquet. The English army was employed almost in its entirety in the siege works.

The allied front extended from the shore of the Black Sea to the steep declivities which drop from the plateau of the Chersonese into the Inkermann Valley. On the left lay General Forey's corps, drawing its supplies from Kamiesch and Kazatch bays; on the right lay the English army, with its right wing resting on the heights above the Tchernaya, drawing its supplies from Balaklava. On the left the allied camps were safe from attack, as they were covered by the sea. On the right, where the English wing rested, they were exposed to the assaults of the Russian field army. In the right rear they were also open to attack, and here Bosquet's corps was posted. It was, however, on the English right wing, where it rested on the Inkermann hill, that the allied position was most open to danger. Balaklava, the British base of operations, lay beyond the natural rampart of heights which guarded the allied position on the Chersonese. It required to be separately protected. For this purpose it was furnished with an inner line of defence, held by the Marines and the 93rd Highlanders, close to the town. Further to the north another line of defence for Balaklava was formed by some redoubts thrown up on the heights, along which ran the Woronzoff road. These were held by some Turkish battalions. The British cavalry and horse artillery were encamped in the plain to the north of Balaklava. The forces entrusted with the defence of Balaklava were placed under the orders of Sir Colin Campbell.

(To be continued.)

DIMOCK'S GIRALDUS.—VOL. VI.*

WE are heartily glad to receive another volume of our old friend Giraldis from the hands of Mr. Dimock. We believe that this is the last of the series, albeit there is still another to come. That is to say, Mr. Brewer has still remained employed on the fourth volume while Mr. Dimock has published the fifth and sixth. We do not mean to complain of either of two most excellent scholars. Mr. Dimock naturally moves quicker than one who, besides editing Giraldis, is also writing the true history of Henry the Eighth. We shall be glad when we can put all six upon our shelves as a complete edition of the works of the most amusing of mediæval writers.

Mr. Dimock is the model of an editor. Some of his colleagues do not seem quite in their place as editors of the writings of others. Mr. Brewer, for instance, when set simply to edit, is in a kind of bondage; he is an historian with his wings clipped. We may say the same of Professor Stubbs. They give us admirable editions with admirable prefaces, but we feel all the time that they should be putting their thoughts into another form than that of a preface. We do not feel this with Mr. Dimock. It is no disrespect to him to say that we doubt his power of rivaling the pictures of the two famous Henries which have been given us by his two fellow-labourers. But as an editor nothing can be better. With him editing is not a "dull duty," but thoroughly a labour of love, and he contrives to impart a good deal of his own spirit to his reader. Mr. Dimock has a thorough love for books as books, and especially for manuscripts as manuscripts. This, we need hardly say, is a special taste. Many a man can make excellent use of the matter of a book who is well nigh indifferent to the book itself, and who certainly could not read the author's autograph. But Mr. Dimock has a sort of personal regard for each manuscript of his author. And yet no one ever was less of a dull bookworm. The comparison of the manuscripts becomes in his hands positively lively. Certainly the manuscripts of Giraldis have in this respect a great advantage in the variety of shapes which they took under the hands of the author himself. Giraldis was always altering and adding to his own writings, and to trace out these different editions, and to arrange the existing manuscripts under them, is a work after Mr. Dimock's own heart. And Mr. Dimock can do something more than merely group his manuscripts under chronological classes; he points out the various workings of the mind of his author, and the different states of feeling under which Giraldis gave his work these successive shapes. Mr. Dimock, in short, thoroughly appreciates his author; he enters with thorough zest into the unconscious vein of fun produced by Giraldis's grotesque self-approbation, and a certain quaintness in his own way of thinking and expressing himself is quite in place. Not that there is any likeness between the author and his editor. Here is Mr. Dimock's comment on one characteristic feature in the picture of Giraldis. He had been pointing out the extent of Giraldis's learning, as shown by his inveterate habit of quotation, his extensive knowledge of the Latin poets, which would be creditable to

* *Giraldi Cambrensis Itinerarium Cambriae, et Descriptio Cambriae.* Edited by James F. Dimock, M.A. London: Longmans & Co. 1868.

any modern scholar, and his no less exact knowledge of the Scriptures. Mr. Dimock then goes on to tell us:—

There is one writer, not an old one however, whose works he held in especial admiration, whose exquisite scholastic pen he looked upon as unrivalled, and whom he never wearied of quoting from. This writer is Giraldus himself. . . . No doubt every one who has ever put pen to paper, and published, has believed more or less confidently in the worth of what he was giving to the world's admiration; but I think no equal case of multitudinous repeating from himself, as the most excellent of all writers, and the most worthy to be followed—such, it is plain, Giraldus considered himself—is to be found in the whole compass of authorship. Vain, and proud of their productions, as many authors may have been, no other ever attained to the exquisite vanity of Giraldus, to his unassailable faith in his own supreme excellencies as a writer.

Turn to the opposite page, where Mr. Dimock, not Giraldus, has to speak of himself. He is speaking of the way in which, besides actual quotations, Giraldus "often adopts, unconsciously almost it would seem, the thoughts and expressions of ancient writers." But his editor shrinks from tracking out his author through all the mazes of Latin literature:—"I had better not expose my now old and very rusty small knowledge of classical or other ancient writers, by giving an odd instance or two, when I ought perhaps to be giving as many hundreds." Some way further back, Mr. Dimock, thus far certainly following in the steps of Giraldus, helps us to a "Retractatio." He has made a mistake, and he not only, as every honest scholar would do, acknowledges it, but moreover puts himself to open penance. "In my preface to vol. v. p. lxxviii., by a bit of stupid ignorant carelessness, I attributed this summary of the Description of Ireland to Bromton, with no suspicion of his having taken it bodily from Higden." All that he adds in the way of self-defence is that Bromton, "as generally with him, repeats word for word, and chapter for chapter, with no acknowledgment of from whom he is transcribing." *O sancta simplicitas!* How lacking in worldly wisdom must Mr. Dimock seem to some of our professional blunderers who throw dust in people's eyes by the arrogance of their style or the splendour of their ecclesiastical dignities. Mr. Dimock is not likely to put out a book full of blunders; he is still less likely to put out a second edition of it, trumpeting forth, in preface and advertisement, how carefully he has corrected the mistakes that have been pointed out, while in the text the mistakes are there still. But then Mr. Dimock has probably made up his mind to live and die plain Rector of Barnburgh. He has very little chance of figuring as a "Metropolitan Dean," or of basking in the smiles of royalty. He has not learned the great lesson that it is only as long as a man doeth well unto himself that men will speak good of him.

The two works of Giraldus contained in this volume have both been printed before, but seemingly never with any accuracy. Most mediæval scholars are familiar with them in the well known volumes of Camden and Wharton. The editors of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries commonly exercised a most sound discretion in their choice of what they edited. One piece only of primary value, the inestimable *Vita Eadwardi*, has been brought to light through the publication of the present series. But the series is doing a great work in giving us accurate editions of books which the older editors chose very well, but edited very badly. Mr. Dimock finds himself called upon to point out the utter untrustworthiness in this respect even of such venerable names as Wharton, Camden, and Archbishop Parker. The present generation is wiping out the blot. Mr. Dimock is here giving us an accurate edition of Giraldus. Other scholars have done the same good service to other writers. When, we ask for the ten thousandth time, are we to have a decent edition of all that appertains to Saint Thomas of Canterbury?

While speaking of editions, one word about translators. Mr. Dimock is speaking of Sir Richard Colt Hoare:—

As to the English translation, we must allow that it would be no easy matter for any one to make a good translation of Giraldus from such a text as Camden's. But Sir R. C. Hoare's is very far from being a good one: it is very generally much less close to the original than it ought to be, and it is often sadly incorrect, even where Camden gives him the right Latin. He seems to have been scarcely versed enough in mediæval Latin to be able always to understand his author.

This translation has been reprinted, I believe with most if not all of its faults, in a volume of Mr. Bohn's Antiquarian Library, in conjunction with a translation of the Irish treatises of Giraldus.

We spoke our mind on this most contemptible piece of editing and translating so long ago as July 25, 1863.

The Itinerarium Kambrie, we need hardly say, contains the account of the journey through Wales which Giraldus made in company with Archbishop Baldwin, when the latter went to preach the Crusade. Mr. Dimock shows that it was only in the second edition that he put in the great number of strange and irrelevant stories which certainly make the book more amusing, but which decidedly take away from its plan and coherency as a narrative of Archbishop Baldwin's journey. But we confess that we should have been sorry not to have had the account of the beavers in the Teifi, though this, and a great deal more, would have found a fitter place in the Descriptio than in the Itinerarium. But curious things turn up in the natural course of the Itinerary. What shall we say to the moving effect of Giraldus's Latin and French sermons on congregations which understood neither language?

Ubi et pro mirando, et quasi pro miraculo dicebatur a multis, quod ad verbum Domini ab archidiacono prolatus, cum tamen lingua Latina et Gallica loqueretur, non minus illi qui neutram linguam noverunt, quam alii, tam ad lacrimarum affluentiam moti fuerunt, quam etiam ad crucis signaculum exterratim occurrerunt.

But why did Giraldus preach in Latin and French? Had he

not mastery enough of either Welsh or English? Here again we think we see a sign of what we have remarked in former articles, that the Norman feeling survived among the Norman settlers in Wales after it had nearly died out in England. Giraldus's native tongue was evidently French; so it was doubtless the tongue which a gentleman of Norman descent in England would speak by preference. But while we have no doubt that such a gentleman could speak English on occasion, it looks very much as if Giraldus could speak neither English nor Welsh. It is in vain to say that the people at Haverfordwest were neither English nor Welsh but Flemish; English and Flemish come even now so near to being mutually intelligible that they must have been altogether intelligible in those days. The difference was merely one of dialect, as is shown by the present speech of South Pembrokeshire being English. Giraldus however, if he could not speak either English or Welsh, clearly knew enough of the vocabularies of both languages to make some acute remarks upon them. Giraldus was in truth a very advanced philologist for his age. He was quite able to put philological facts together in a really critical way, while the etymology of his age, as of ages after, was commonly the blindest guess work. Had his means of observation been wider, we could have quite fancied him forestalling many of the results of modern research. Here is a most remarkable passage, which shows also how slender was his knowledge of Welsh. He simply knew a good many words. A boy had spent some time among fairies, who seemingly talked Welsh. He lived to be a priest, and in his old age he "insensated," as the Irish say, Giraldus' kinsman Bishop David Fitzgerald, with a certain portion of elf-talk which the Bishop passed on to the Archdeacon.

Erant autem verba, sicut ab episcopo predicto mihi sunt sepe proposita, Græco idiomati valde conformia. Cum enim aquam requirebant, dicebant Ydor ydorum; quod Latine sonat, aquam affer. Ydor enim aqua eorum lingua, sicut et Græca, dicebatur: unde et vasa aquatica Ydria dicuntur: et Daur lingua Britannica similiter aqua dicitur. Item salem requirentes dicebant, Halgein ydorum, id est, salem affer. Hal vero Græce sal dicitur, halgein Britannice. Lingua namque Britannica, propter diutinam quam Britones, qui tunc Trojani, et postea Britones a Bruto eorum duce sunt vocati, post Troje excidium moram in Græcia fecerant, in multis Græco idiomati conformis invenitur.

Itic autem mihi notabile videtur, quod in uno verbo tot linguas convenire non invenio, sicut in isto. Hal enim Græce, Halcin Britannice, Halcin similiter Hibernice; Halgein, g interposita, lingua predicta. Item sal Latine—quia, ut ait Priscianus, in quibusdam dictionibus pro aspiratione ponitur s; ut Hal Græce, sal Latine; hemi, semi; hepta, septem—Sel Gallice, mutataque vocalis in e, a Latino; additione litteræ, salt Anglice, sout Teutonice. Habetis ergo septem linguas, vel octo, in hac una dictione plurimum concordantes.

He returns to the subject in the Descriptio, when speaking of the river Severn:—

Hæc Britannice Haveren, a nomine puellæ, filiæ scilicet Locrini, ibi a noverca submersa, vocata est. Unde et Latine, mutatione aspirationis in S, ut in distortis a Græco in Latinum fieri solet, dicta est Sabrina. Sicut pro hal, sal; hemi, semi; hepta, septem.

And again in a later chapter—

Notandum etiam, quod verba lingue Britannicæ omnia fere vel Græco conveniunt vel Latino. Græci Ydor aquam vocant, Britones Daur; salem Hal, Britones Halcin; Mis, Tis, pro ego et tu, Britones, autem Mi, Ti; Onoma, Enou; Penta, Deca, Pimp, Dec. Item Latini frenum dicunt, et tripodem, gladium, et lorica; Britones froin, trebeth, cledliuf, et thurio; unico unig, cane, can, belua belea.

Mr. Dimock adds, "Where Giraldus found his Greek *Mis* and *Tis* for *I* and *You* is beyond my Greek scholarship." But is not *μῆτις*, *μῆτις*, the nominative of which the accusative *μῆτις* is still familiarly used in modern Greek? *Σὺς* is now the received plural of *σύ*; can a Doric form *τῖς* account for Giraldus' *tis*?

Again, he knew quite well the origin of the word "Welsh":—

Wallia vero non a Walone duce, vel Wendoloena regina, sicut fabulosa Galfridi Arthuri mentitur historia; quia revera neutrum eorum apud Kambros invenies; sed a barbarica potius nuncupatione nomen istud inolevit. Saxones enim, occupato regno Britannico, quoniam linguam sua extraneam omne Wallicum vocant, et gentes has sibi extraneas Walenses vocabant. Et inde, usque in hodiernum, barbara nuncupatione et homines Walenses, et terra Wallia vocitatur.

He tells us that the North-Welsh, as being less mixed with other nations, spoke their language more purely than the South-Welsh. Cardigan was the district where the spoken tongue was "precipua et laudatissima." He goes on to speak of the likeness between Welsh, Cornish, and Breton, and then talks a little about English. The purest English is spoken in the South, and especially in Devonshire. The South has preserved the ancient speech, while the tongue of the North has been corrupted by the frequent inroads of Danes and Norwegians. "Cujus etiam rei non solum argumentum sed et certitudinem inde habere potes, quod omnes libros Anglicos Bedæ, Rabani, Regis Æluredi, vel aliorum quorumlibet, sub hujus idiomatis proprietate scriptos invenies." We are a little puzzled about Bedæ, unless Giraldus took Ælfred's translation of him to be an original work. But his meaning is clear; the southern or Saxon dialect is his type of pure English. But the mention of Devonshire is odd; how came a shire which was so lately part of the *Wealh-cyn* to be the chosen home of pure English? Was it because it was part of the *Wealh-cyn*? People often speak a language which is more or less foreign to them with more attention to grammatical niceties than they speak their own. It is worth while to notice that in his comparison of Italians, French, and Britons on one side, with his Englishmen and Germans on the other—that is, a comparison of Dutch and Welsh in the widest sense of those words—(p. 193), he seems to speak of the English as a people in bondage, "Sic

autem servitutem caussaris in Anglis." It would be hard to find anything like this in any other contemporary writer.

Giraldus, we all know, was essentially "Cambrensis," the champion of Welsh nationality and of the metropolitan rights of the see of Saint David's. Yet he actually proposed to an English king to transplant the whole Welsh nation, Nebuchadnezzar-fashion, to some other place, and to plant an English colony in their stead. "Expulso prorsus veteri colono, aliaque ad regna translato, de Cambria coloniam princeps efficere prævaleret" (p. 225). But in the second edition of the *Descriptio* this is left out. Still more curious is the fate of a passage in the *Itinerary*, from which we will copy Mr. Dimock's comment:—

The metropolitan jurisdiction of Canterbury over the Welsh bishoprics was a thing but as of yesterday, it had not been submitted to without resistance, and was still, in great measure, rather nominal than real. Baldwin, the first Archbishop of Canterbury that ever entered Wales, celebrated mass, as Giraldus is careful to tell us, at the high altar of each of the four cathedral churches of Wales; while there is no mention of his doing this in any inferior church. This would be considered the exercise, on his part, of the power of primate over the Welsh bishops; and, if not resisted, as the acknowledgment on their part of his right to exercise such power. The Primate of Canterbury was in fact reading himself in, as it were, in this late addition to his province: as Giraldus says, he celebrated mass in the several cathedral churches of Wales, "tanquam in investitura ejusdem signum." This is simply stated by Giraldus, in the first edition of the treatise, without a word of protest as to there being at all any unjust exercise of power; but it is curious that the passage is omitted in the second edition, issued about the time when Giraldus was becoming the earnest champion of the independence of the Welsh church; and restored in the third edition, when he had become resigned to the conviction of the utter hopelessness, under present circumstances, of any further fighting for such independence.

THE BEGGARS.*

"HISTORICAL novels," according to a great authority, "are the mortal enemies of history," to which we should often feel inclined to add that they are also the mortal enemies of fiction. Brilliant exceptions will, of course, occur to every one; and it is the less necessary to specify them, because everybody will probably make a different list of exceptions. But the ordinary historical novel, in which the characters wear morions and coats of mail, and swear by Our Lady and St. George, is undoubtedly a weariness to the flesh. Most people can put some animation into pictures drawn from the life; but those are few indeed whose pictures of persons dead for many centuries are not tiresome reproductions of cram, or flimsy repetitions of conventional models. To absorb into one's mind the spirit of a distant epoch, and to make people in coats of mail live and move and arouse our sympathies, is the rarest of literary feats. When, therefore, we say that the *Beggars* is an historical novel, we raise a certain presumption against it; but when we go further, and add that it is a Protestant historical novel, we fear that we have said enough to condemn it with most of our readers. Theological controversy is of course a necessity, and, in some shapes, supplies very lively reading. A good passage of arms between well-prepared combatants, each of whom holds the other's doctrines to be unutterably pernicious, is always pleasant to the less excited spectators. But controversy in a novel is as much out of place as gunpowder in the bowl of a pipe; one expects a pleasant narcotic, and is treated to a series of explosions. Such novels remind us of that favourite subject for painters of sound religious principles, Lady Jane Grey discomfiting a Machiavelian priest. The lady always shows in her face such celestial innocence, and the priest looks so diabolically cunning, that we feel instinctively that the argument would really have gone the other way. Innocent ladies, even when they read Greek, are a bad match for astute priests. And in most novels the controversy is conducted with such charming simplicity that we are chiefly impressed by the weakness of the favoured cause.

We fear that the *Beggars* is no exception to this ordinary weakness in controversy. The young lady who confutes priests with her Testament, and is always dealing terrible rebukes to her more worldly associates, is as feeble as usual in her logic. So far as she is concerned, the most bigoted of Roman Catholics may read the novel without fearing injury to his faith. Her cunning little argumentative nets would be unable to entangle the most commonplace opponents. Also, the fact that M. de Liefde has described a diabolical Jesuit is not a conclusive proof that all Jesuits are diabolical. But, to be just, we must add that the controversy is limited within a narrow space. If it were all cut out, very few gaps would be left in the pages of the novel; and what remains would form a spirited little story on the events of an interesting period. There is less anxiety than usual on the part of the author to display his stores of antiquarian information. We are not unreasonably vexed with ostentatious descriptions of all the theatrical properties which he has been able to disinter from chronicles or museums. Of course we meet a young horseman riding swiftly through a wood in great haste, with a companion of a different stamp. We are told about their trunk hose and their doublets and their breastplates; about the fair youthful features of the one, and the dark, square-cut face of the other. If G. P. R. James is nearly forgotten, his two cavaliers threaten to be immortal; and they enter the scene on the present occasion as confidently as if no human being had ever heard of them before. We need not add that they speedily arrive at a hostelry, that a clash of swords

is heard shortly afterwards, and that the usual complications immediately set in. Still we are not much troubled with upholstery, nor even with archaic oaths. Indeed, the language is so modern that we might perhaps prefer a few touches to give it local colour. A few such expressions as "by'r lady" and "grammercy" and "but me no buts," and other phrases, which, if novelists speak truth, were as common amongst our forefathers as oaths in the mouths of our British bargees, would have reminded us that we were indeed studying an historical novel; instead of which, the imaginary Dutch boors use such mild pieces of slang as "here's a lark," suggestive of the modern English schoolboy. With this, however, we are little disposed to quarrel, for at least it allows us to judge of the novel simply on its merits as a story, without minutely considering its historical accuracy. If a man's mind is so saturated with the literature of a past epoch that he can really talk the dialogue of the period naturally, it may be the best thing possible; the next best is when he boldly casts aside all pedantic accuracy, and, remembering that people three hundred years ago were a good deal like people now, lets his characters talk in ordinary language, and trusts rather to his plot than to its ornamentation.

Taking the *Beggars* on this ground, it is a good, though not an ambitious, story. The title, we should explain, refers to the conspiracy of the "Gueux." No period could give better materials for a novel of the exciting kind. The actors are sufficiently near us to enable us to enter tolerably into their motives; whilst they had so few of our modern scruples as to vigorous lines of policy that they give abundant room for incident. Murders and executions were as plenty as blackberries. One great difficulty with novelists who deal with modern times is to get their heroes into a sufficient number of scrapes. According to police reports there is a good deal of crime still available for a skilful writer to turn to account; but it is for the most part professional, and the performers are in a lamentably inferior social position. The good, decent, black-coated Englishmen about whom novels are generally written, lead such quiet easy-going lives for the most part that any violent catastrophe appears to us strained. A lover, for example, can hardly find a decent occasion for knocking out the brains of a villain who has spirited away his mistress into some mysterious captivity. The villains of our time don't spirit away ladies, or, if they do, revenge is satisfied by the decision of a police-magistrate. Now nothing can be more natural than such an incident in the days of Alva and William of Orange. We may say indeed that the difficulty is the very reverse. When you have taken your actors and put them down amongst the massacres, battles, executions, and innumerable troubles of the Netherlands at that period, the difficulty is to get them out of it all in safety. You are in danger of a slaughter amongst your characters so great that there will be nobody left alive at the last chapter. M. de Liefde's hero, for example, begins by joining the "Gueux," and a Jesuit spy under the disguise of an accomplice attaches himself to the hero. The first piece of work which lies before him is the rescue of Egmont and Horn on the eve of their execution. In this we have not the least doubt that he would have succeeded if it had not been for the proverbial obstinacy of facts. Even the three musketeers, with all M. Dumas' resources to back them, and the most glorious indifference to accuracy, could not rescue Charles I., and poor Yunker Galama is helpless in an equally notorious case. He and his friends, however, have the most thrilling hairbreadth escapes. They lie in wait in cunning old robbers' dens, whose secret has been betrayed to the Spaniard. They go in disguise into houses filled with troops, and are recognised on the landing of the sixth story. They attempt rescues of prisoners, and are surprised by any number of regiments of cavalry. They have to escape in various disguises when desperately wounded, and with all their movements known to traitors of superhuman cunning. Yet, somehow or other, they are all delivered safe at the end of the novel, with the exception of one young lady; and perhaps she does not count, for she had been coquetting after a very questionable manner with the wily emissaries of Popery. The Inquisition and the Blood-council must have felt that for once their machinery had been at fault if such audacious criminals had contrived to slip through their fingers, and we must add that the Jesuit spy is an equally difficult person to hold. Three patriots locked up within a room, all with drawn swords, and thirsting for his blood, and with their fellow-conspirators waiting ready outside, do not manage to hurt a hair of his head.

The story is thus sufficiently lively, and, considering the circumstances of the time, the quantity of thrilling catastrophe is by no means unreasonable. It ends very appropriately with the capture of Briel, where the hero is left to marry, and smile at his baffled pursuers from a position of comparative security. Moreover, we must put it to the credit of the author that he has not introduced to us any great historical personages. We were agreeably disappointed by missing what we had supposed to be the inevitable description of Alva. It is as well for any but the most powerful of writers to keep amongst the episodes and by-ways of great historical events, and not to shock our credulity by bringing us into too close relation with the prominent actors. We know that we are reading a fiction, but we do not wish its fictitious nature to be unnecessarily obtruded upon us. The *Beggars* thus displays commendable modesty, and may be compared with Mr. King-ley's more ambitious performance of *Westward Ho!* It describes another aspect of the same great struggle in a style fitted rather for the intellectual level of schoolboys than of adult readers. It does this

* The *Beggars*; or, the *Founders of the Dutch Republic*. By J. B. de Liefde. London: Houlston & Stoughton. 1868.

with plenty of spirit, and as it includes a good many quotations of texts, and very little bad language, we may perhaps venture to recommend it for Sunday reading in Protestant families. Like most literary material intended for that peculiar market, it has of course contracted a rather unpleasantly theological flavour. We might fancy that it had been bound up with a collection of tracts such as might ornament Mr. Whalley's library. The intention is, as we have said, kept tolerably in the background. The Jesuit, for example, is not punished so ferociously as in a certain orthodox novel, where he falls upon his hands and knees in a pool of molten lead, and is slowly and horribly consumed; but we must confess that he is blown up with gunpowder, and left to die in an uncomfortably mangled state, with raw flesh and singed clothes. It is, we fear, impossible for a novel intended to enforce any variety of doctrine not to suffer a little in an artistic point of view.

FRENCH LITERATURE.

M. FEUILLET DE CONCHES entitles his work "*Causeries*." Never was any appellation better deserved. The handsome octavo with which he presents us is a volume of chit-chat; but in its discursiveness it is far more instructive than many an *ex professo* treatise on literature, science, or the fine arts. The author allows his imagination to wander at large over the universe; and whilst doing the honours of his study he ranges rapidly from one subject to another—from Viollet Leduc to a swallow, and from Charles Nodier to an ant. The description of M. Feuillelet de Conches's cabinet is well calculated to excite the curiosity of those amateur antiquaries who, with all their earnest longings for black-letter pamphlets, block-books, illuminated MSS., old pictures, and old china, are obliged, on account of the *res augusta domi*, to be satisfied with cheap reprints, chromolithographs, and modern crockery. The principal subject touched upon in the fourth volume of the *Causeries d'un Curieux* is painting, and painting considered chiefly in reference to England during the sixteenth century. The author has collected a number of interesting facts respecting Holbein and other artists, and he has illustrated his volume by curious letters, some of which are reproduced in facsimile.

The report on the progress of historical studies in France †, published by the Imperial Government as part of a series which we have already noticed, is the work of MM. Geffroy, Zeller, and Thiénot. The first-named of these three gentlemen shows considerable acquaintance with the epoch which he had to examine, and with the books relating to it—we mean the period generally known under the name of ancient history, and extending as far down as the division of the Roman Empire between Honorius and Arcadius. M. Geffroy does not merely pass judgment on the various works which the last five-and-twenty years have produced in connexion with this subject; he takes the opportunity of stating his own views as to the institutions and political life of the principal nations of antiquity. His notice of the French Emperor's famous history of Julius Caesar is, we think, just what it should be; it would have been mere affectation to leave it unmentioned, and he has managed to give a very correct idea of the book without falling into the style of official panegyric. M. Zeller's share in the report before us is mediæval history; it will strike the reader as somewhat incomplete, although the list of works quoted must be considered tolerably accurate, and is certainly very full. But in an essay of this kind what we want is a brief and at the same time characteristic notice of the leading productions; a bare catalogue is of very little use except as a proof that the whole ground has been carefully surveyed. The critical remarks of M. Zeller will not, it may be feared, escape censure. His omissions are numerous, and, whilst reviewing at some length volumes of comparatively inferior merit, he leaves untouched others which deserved a detailed account. The observations of M. Thiénot on works referring to modern history are, on the other hand, distinguished by a great deal of judgment and discrimination. We have noticed more particularly the critique on M. Poirson's Life of Henry IV., introducing parenthetically a very striking statement of the various points of view from which the character of the Bernese monarch has been at different times estimated. M. Michelet's fervid imagination receives its due amount of praise, and side by side with the gigantic work of M. Thiers on the Revolution, the Consulate, and the Empire, the many volumes of memoirs and monographs recently published on the same epoch are faithfully registered.

M. Ravaisson, whose *début* in metaphysical literature ‡ created many years ago a considerable sensation, has after a long silence returned to his favourite studies, and his most recent work is an elegantly written sketch of the history of philosophy. The last quarter of a century has witnessed in France a thorough revolution as far as this branch of knowledge is concerned; the materialist school of thinkers, after having been apparently driven from the field, are now once more in possession of nearly all the vantage ground which they had found themselves obliged to relinquish. M. Ravaisson begins by giving us the antecedents of French philosophy; he describes the origin of Cartesianism, and its ex-

pansion in the hands of Malebranche and Spinoza; the free-thinking movement of the last century is then analysed, and also the reaction which Royer-Collard began when he endeavoured to lead the minds of his countrymen in the safe direction adopted by Dugald Stewart, Reid, and the representatives of the Scotch school. The eclectic theory of M. Victor Cousin, resulting from the combined influence of Royer-Collard's teaching and of the impulse which historical researches had received on all sides, occupies of course an important place in M. Ravaisson's volume; but we question whether it is appreciated with all the sympathy which it deserves. As a system of philosophy, eclectic is no doubt open to discussion; at the same time the services rendered by M. Cousin to the cause of metaphysical truth, and especially his constant encouragement of historical investigation applied to the various schools of philosophy, cannot be sufficiently praised. The present state of speculation in France is one of chaos and disorder, and the enumeration of the principal systems such as we find it in M. Ravaisson's book shows what an amount of energy is arrayed for the purpose of securing the triumph of materialism. But those, on the other hand, who, either from the religious or the idealist point of view, endeavour to combat the doctrines of Hegel under the shape which M. Vacherot, M. Taine, M. Littré, and others have given to them, do not remain idle, and the interest with which these discussions are received is so far satisfactory that it bears witness to a desire on the part of the public to arrive at some definite conclusion respecting the nature of man, his duties, and his destiny. M. Ravaisson's views of the future of French philosophy are not so gloomy as might be expected, because he is of opinion that the inconsistencies into which men such as Auguste Comte, for example, are drawn will lead sincere and honest thinkers to acknowledge the many-sided aspects of truth.

There is a great difference between prejudice and strong political opinions, and we might quote many an instance to show that a good historian may be impartial without laying himself open to the charge of indifference. M. Beulé, we are afraid, has forgotten this distinction; and his two works on Augustus and Tiberius* are, we may say, archaeological pamphlets. Antiquaries, in former days, used to be considered the most tedious of human beings, and they were classed by common accord in the same category as Dr. Dryasdust and the Laird of Monkbarra. The accusation of heaviness cannot certainly be directed against M. Beulé; for his eloquent pen makes us almost see the intaglios and cameos which he describes, the statues, the sarcophagi, the monuments of Roman despotism. Three personages fill the volume he has just published—Augustus, Livia, and Tiberius; around these the destinies of the world seem to be centred, and we are invited to watch the slow but sure dissolution of a political system from which patriotism and the spirit of freedom have completely disappeared. The "heritage" left by Augustus is that of wickedness, and our author takes energetically the part of Tacitus and Suetonius against the modern critics who have accused the former historian of systematic opposition, and the latter of being a mere dealer in apocryphal anecdotes. We can scarcely look over a page of M. Beulé's book without lighting on some allusion which easily finds its counterpart in the France of the present time. Napoleon III. had described Julius Caesar as the saviour of society, and the providential genius of Imperial civilization; M. Beulé turns round and proves that no society was ever saved through immorality. When he sketches the advisers who surround the Emperor and nod assent to whatever he says, we almost involuntarily look at the Tuileries; when he speaks of the young men of the first century of the Christian era "calculating with a piece of chalk as soon as they knew anything about arithmetic," is it possible that we should not immediately remember Fanfan in *La Famille Benoiton*? M. Beulé's volume is, we repeat, eloquent and most interesting, but it has evidently been composed under the influence of very strong political prepossessions.

M. de Carné has given us †, in his new work, an episode of that domestic history which ended, at the time of the Revolution of 1789, in the unity of France. This is a subject comparatively little known as yet as regards the earlier stages of the process, although the final result is pointed out to foreigners as one of the most glorious achievements accomplished by a great nation. Let us admire it, by all means, but let not our admiration of the end attained make us forget the sufferings at the cost of which France has become what it now is. Local sympathies naturally induced M. de Carné to select Brittany as the theme of his researches; and it may be said, besides, that the Bretons, having been the last to preserve their independence, had a special claim to the consideration of an historian who believes in right and justice. No people, our author remarks, ever stood up in defence of rights founded upon more authentic title-deeds; no people ever defended those rights with deeper sincerity. The struggle between the Bretons and the King began in the reign of Henry IV.; as time went on it increased both in bitterness and in energy; the Government of Versailles could not understand the meaning of the grievances which the Parliament of Rennes and the Provincial Assemblies addressed to the Crown; and blind submission to the *sic volo* of absolutism had become so universal throughout France that every symptom of opposition seemed quite inadmissible. From M. de Carné's narrative it is clear that the Bretons struggled energetically to the very last for the purpose

* *Causeries d'un Curieux*. Par F. Feuillelet de Conches. Vol. 4. Paris: Pion.

† *Rapport sur les Études historiques en France*. Par MM. Geffroy, Zeller, et Thiénot. Paris and London: L. Hachette & Co.

‡ *La Philosophie en France au XIX^e Siècle*. Par F. Ravaisson, Membre de l'Institut. Paris and London: L. Hachette & Co.

* *Tibère, ou l'Héritage d'Auguste*. Par M. Beulé, Membre de l'Institut. Paris: Lévy.

† *Les États de Bretagne*. Par le Comte de Carné. Paris: Didier.

of keeping themselves beyond the action of that system of fiscal centralization which ever since the time of Louis XI. has constituted the mainspring of French home policy. Cardinal Richelieu, with his usual good sense, won their affection by respecting their liberties, and humouring them to a certain extent. His death, accordingly, created a universal feeling of regret, and the more so because Louis XIV., under Mazarine's influence, followed an entirely different system of administration. The readers of Madame de Sévigné are already acquainted with the details of the rebellion which broke out throughout Brittany on the occasion of the enforcement of the stamp duties. M. de Carné gives us a complete history of this deplorable business, and illustrates from a fresh point of view the blind and senseless despotism of Louis XIV. The second volume of his interesting work comprises the regency of the Duke of Orleans, the reign of Louis XV., and that of Louis XVI. as far as the opening of the States-General. It gives, therefore, the description of the Duke d'Aiguillon's wretched administration, and of the famous trial of La Chalotais.

Towards the beginning of the seventeenth century the great literary curiosity was *L'Astrée*.* Readers got enthusiastic about it, committed to memory whole scenes of it, identified themselves with the characters described, and dreamt of nothing else but pastoral life pleasantly spent on the banks of the river Lignon. *L'Astrée* was a novel; written soon after the conclusion of the civil wars which had desolated France during the reigns of the last of the Valois monarchs, it gave utterance to the universal longing for peace, and was a protest in favour of tranquillity and the blessings of civilized life. Honoré d'Urfé's once popular book is now, however, quite forgotten, and it was a very good thought of M. Mario Proth to make us acquainted with what is certainly a landmark in the imaginative literature of our neighbours. He has clothed his information in the most amusing form possible. Written originally for the *feuilleton* of a daily paper, the *Voyage au Pays de l'Astrée* is lightness itself; the excursions are not metaphorical merely, but matter of fact; the "pastures green" to which our journalist introduces us are those of reality as well as of fiction, and at the end of more than three hundred pages of discursive matter we feel ourselves thoroughly acquainted both with the "Roman de l'honneste amitié," and with those enchanted localities where Sylvandre and Lycidas, Celadon and Phillis, used to discuss the twelve tables of the law of love in language which to our degenerate taste sounds extremely like verbiage, though it was considered two hundred years ago as perfection.

D'Urfé is a man who has left his stamp upon French society, and who fully deserved not to be quite forgotten. Gérard de Nerval, in the book which we have now to notice†, gave many years ago an account of some eccentric personages connected with the history of the eighteenth century, and as worthy of mention in their way as the author of *L'Astrée* was in his. The *illuminati* have long been considered as the precursors of the French Revolution, and, at a time when, from the king to the *perruquier*, no one believed in God, Cagliostro had his adepts, and Mesmer his disciples. In his biographical sketches, slightly touched up and sensationalized, Gérard de Nerval goes back to the sixteenth century, beginning with a short account of Raoul Spifame, who, if not quite a mystic philosopher or a magician, was certainly a prey to the most undoubted madness. Cazotte and Quintus Aucler may be considered as *illuminati*, but we do not see what title Renssé de la Bretonne has to form part of that gallery. His ideas were assuredly far from being of a very spiritual description, and a man who thinks of nothing but pretty ankles and *nez retroussés* can scarcely be classed amongst Rosicrucians and Kabbalists. The Abbé-Count De Bucquoy, shut up in the Bastille during the reign of Louis XIV. for having preached against despotism, occupies also a place in Gérard de Nerval's gallery. The narrative of his erratic life is very interesting, and it shows what an amount of free and sometimes enlightened opinion was circulating throughout France at a time when, outwardly, decorum was at its height, and when the power of etiquette apparently knew of no control.

A society composed of *illuminati* would be amusing for a short time, but as lasting friends we prefer men of common sense, such as are M. de Pontmartin himself and the persons whom he has collected together in his Saturday *feuilletons*‡—Saint-Jérôme, M. Guizot, Count de Montalembert, and Voltaire. Petrarch and M. Haussmann also form part of this kind of *salon*; the Italian poet representing the association of common sense with idealism, whilst the Senator Prefect of the Seine stands as the prototype of that species of worldly wisdom which occasionally over-reaches itself.

M. Arthur Pougin begins his biography of the maestro Bellini § by a quotation from Henri Heine's *Reisebilder*, which he evidently does not consider as altogether impartial. The German critic says of the features of the composer that they were vague and utterly devoid of character; his whole person, he adds, looked like "un soupir en escarpins." Now, we believe that a careful study of Bellini's operas will show them to be what Heine declares his appearance to have been—decidedly wanting in character and originality. The famous chorus of the

Druids in *Norma*, the great scene in the *Puritani*, the cavatina in *Il Pirata* are exactly the same melody with the slightest of all variations. M. Pougin, let us add, acknowledges this defect; but, strange to say, he seems to regard it as a merit, and he maintains that Bellini's originality consisted precisely in the fact of his having none. A singular encomium, to say the least. This small volume is very elegantly got up, and illustrated with a portrait and two autographs.

M. de Viel-Castel's History of the French Restoration* is steadily advancing, and we have now to notice the eleventh volume, which begins with the Session of 1822, and ends with the Congress of Verona. On that important epoch we possess already several valuable memoirs—those of M. de Châteaubriand, for instance; and, if report speaks true, the unpublished *souvenirs* of Talleyrand will be found full of curious details and anecdotes. M. de Viel-Castel has worked out with great tact and discrimination the documents he had at his disposal, and his new volume is one of the best in the whole series. The period here examined by our author is that of the temporary triumph of absolutist opinions in France. Political societies, secret organizations, spring up on all sides; now the arrest of General Berton takes place, now the trial and execution of the four sergeants of La Rochelle; the newspapers are prosecuted for the slightest manifestation of liberal tendencies, the Paris medical and law schools are closed, and M. Guizot receives the order for discontinuing his lectures. It is difficult now-a-days to understand how the ultra-Royalists could think that such a system of government had any chance of duration; but the lessons of experience seem always to be lost upon those whom they ought most to benefit, and the French Cabinet of 1822 might perhaps be justified, to a certain extent, in their reactionary system of politics when they saw the elections in the departments so decidedly carried against the Liberals.

The chapters which M. Charles Dollfus entitles *De la Nature humaine*† are written from the standpoint of what is called *la morale indépendante*; that is to say, they take no notice at all of Christianity, except as a system having its historical importance, and giving one of the many probable solutions of the great questions of human life. The impression produced by this work is a very gloomy one, and when the author describes in his first chapter the miseries and contradictions of our nature, we fancy we can see a conscientious anatomist unhesitatingly applying the dissecting knife to all the parts of a morbid subject. This part of his book is like a fragment from Pascal; but M. Dollfus stops halfway, and omits to point out the remedy after having examined the disease. What is the use of showing us our wretchedness if you cannot tell us how we can get out of it?

Imagination, for M. Tissot‡, is still what it was for Montaigne—*la folle du logis*. It produces, no doubt, the greatest benefits; and the fine arts, poetry, and even science sometimes, are indebted to it for some of their noblest creations; but on the other hand, how often are we not led astray by that blind guide! All we know about the hyper-cosmic world, says M. Tissot, is due to imagination—that is to say, it amounts to nothing; and the best proof of this is that, with respect to hyper-cosmic topics, we have an endless series of conflicting theories and hypotheses. M. Tissot's work is an exhaustive treatise on the power of imagination, its results and its influence. The author begins by describing the benefits which may be derived from a legitimate cultivation of the imaginative faculty; he then traces the share it has in madness, dreams, and somnambulism. The most important part of the work, however, is the last. M. Tissot explains the action which imagination has always had in constructing and modifying popular systems of theology; mysticism, magic, witchcraft, and omens of every kind come under his notice, and he ends by taking a glance at the so-called "spiritual" manifestations of our own time.

Messrs. Hachette have just issued the first two instalments of a series of educational works which deserve a brief mention. The *Docteur au Village*§ is designed to bring under the notice of readers belonging to every class of society the fundamental laws of hygiene, and to show that most of the calamities which afflict our race are due not so much to weak constitutions, to physical defects, and to the shortcomings of nature, as to our own ignorance. *Tout mal vient d'ignorance*, says an old French proverb. Such is the motto adopted by the author of the volume before us; and let us hope that the amusing dialogues written as a comment on that text will lead many readers to do their best towards introducing the sanitary improvements which are still everywhere so much needed.

Les Veillées de Maître Patrice||, like the work just noticed, is composed by a woman, and Mr. John Stuart Mill must feel delighted at seeing one of his fair clients qualifying as a Professor of Political Economy. The scene of these dialogues is laid near Issoudun, in Berry; the hero, maître Patrice, being an intelligent man who, having his legs paralysed, and finding himself thus disqualified for active occupations, spends his time in giving

* *Histoire de la Restauration*. Par M. Louis de Viel-Castel. Vol. II. Paris: Lévy.

† *La Nature humaine*. Par Charles Dollfus. Paris: Germer-Baillière.

‡ *L'Imagination, ses Bienfaits et ses Égaréments*. Par J. Tissot. Paris: Didier.

§ *Le Docteur au Village. Entretiens familiers sur l'Hygiène*. Par Madame Hippolyte Meunier. Paris and London: L. Hachette & Co.

|| *Les Veillées de Maître Patrice*. Par Madame Zulma Carraud. Paris and London: L. Hachette & Co.

* *Au Pays de l'Astrée*. Par Mario Proth. Paris: Librairie Internationale.

† *Les Illuminés*. Par Gérard de Nerval. Paris: Lévy.

‡ *Nouveaux Samedis*. Par M. de Pontmartin. Paris: Lévy.

§ *Bellini, sa Vie, ses Œuvres*. Par Arthur Pougin. Paris and London: L. Hachette & Co.

his neighbours sound instruction on various points connected with property, agriculture, labour, &c. The different interlocutors are very well selected, and the story is neatly managed.

We can only hope that Madame Carraud's efforts will not be wasted, and that, thanks to her, the working-classes will become a little better qualified to exercise their political rights. If we may believe M. Proudhon's *brochure*, they are very different from what they ought to be; their besetting sins (in France at least) are improvidence, dishonesty, a taste for luxury, and an almost irresistible fondness of military glory. They, too, want to have their courtiers; if they are proud collectively, they are, as individuals, cringing and false. In a word, they stand in great need of a thorough reformation.

* *De la Capacité politique des Classes ouvrières.* Par P. T. Proudhon. Paris: Lacroix.

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